The
# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | BENNY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 3581.

### MINNIE'S FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

*(To my friend, Mrs. R. D. J.)*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Last year you deck'd her Christmas tree,
With gifts on every bough,
And held her in your arms, and raised
Kisses on lip and brow.

And in and out the sunny rooms,
And up and down the stair,
You watched her flutter all the day,
With floating golden hair.

This year there is no Tree—no gifts—
No Minnie to embrace—
No plump arm pillowed on your knee—
No blue eyes on your face.

Grandma is looking for her pet
In vain—the livelong day—
Papa and mamma yearning watch
Some neighbor's child at play.

But while they weep, and watch, and wait,
Minnie, the glorious child,
Makes glad with the saints in Paradise,
In her white robes undefiled.

In and out of the sunny rooms
Of her Father's house, she goes,—
And up and down the golden stair,
With cheeks like a summer rose.

And round a Christmas Tree so fair,
(Earth never saw its like)—
She floats with the angels, while they sing,
And golden cymbals strike.

No pain in head or throat or limb,
No feverish agony—
But strong, elastic, forever young,
Forever happy is she!

And Christ (to whom the Three Kings brought
Their Christmas gifts, of old,)
Sits in the midst, while round him roll,
(Touching their harps of gold,)

The wonderful throng of the ransomed souls—
White robes and waving wings—
Ah! never on earth hath Minnie seen
Such fair celestial things!

She is not selfish in her bliss,
But prays: "Sweet Lord! in time
Bring mamma, papa, and grandma dear,
To see this sight sublime!"

Fond hearts that always shared her joys,
(Though your strongest tie be riven,)
Rejoice that Minnie with Jesus keeps
Her first glad Christmas in Heaven!

*Christmas*, 1870.

## STRONGHAND;

### A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BIVOUAC.

For some moments the bandit's hurried footsteps were audible, and then all became silent once again.

"You wished it," Stronghand then said, looking at Don Ruiz from under his bent brows. "Now, be certain that you have at least one implacable enemy on the prairie; for you are not so simple, I assume, as to believe in the gratitude of such a man?"

"I pity him, if he hates me for the good I have done him in return for the harm he wished to do me, but honor ordered me to let him escape."

"Yours will be a short life, senor, if you are obstinate in carrying out such philanthropic precepts in our unhappy country."

"My ancestors had a motto to which they never proved false."

"And pray what may that motto be, caballero?"

"Everything for honor, no matter what may happen," the young man said, simply.

"Yes," Stronghand answered, with a harsh laugh; "the maxim is noble, and heaven grant it prove of service to you; but," he continued, after looking round him, "the darkness is beginning to grow less thick, the night is on the wane, and within an hour the sun will be up. You know my name, which, as I told you beforehand, has not helped you much."

"You are mistaken, caballero," Don Ruiz interrupted him, eagerly; "for I have frequently heard the name mentioned, of which you fancied me ignorant."

Stronghand bent a piercing glance on the young man.

"Ah!" he said, with a slight tremor in his voice; "and doubtless, each time you heard that name uttered, it was accompanied by far from flattering epithets, which gave you but a poor opinion of the man who bears it."

"Here again you are mistaken, senor; it has been uttered in my presence as the name of a brave man, with a powerful heart and vast intellect, whom unknown and secret sorrow has urged to lead a strange life, to fly the society of his fellow-men, and to wander constantly about the deserts; but who, under all circumstances, even spite of the examples that daily surrounded him, managed to keep his honor intact and retain a spotless reputation, which even the bandits, with whom the incidents of an adventurous life too often bring him into contact, are forced to admire. That, senor, is what this name, which you supposed I was ignorant of, recalls to my mind, and the way in which I ever heard the man who bears it spoken of."

Stronghand smiled bitterly.

"Can the world really be less wicked and unjust than I supposed it?" he muttered, in self-colloquy.

"Do not doubt it," the young man said, eagerly. "God, who has allowed the good and the bad to dwell side by side on this earth, has yet willed that the amount of good should exceed that of bad, so that, sooner or later, each should be requited according to his works and merits."

"Such words," he answered, ironically, "would be more appropriate in the mouth of a priest or missionary, whose hair has been blanched, and back bowed by the weight of the incessant struggles of his apostolic mission, than in that of a young man who has scarce reached the dawn of life, whom no tempest has yet assailed, and who has only tasted the honey of life. But no matter: your intention is good, and I thank you. But we have far more serious matters to attend to than losing our time in philosophical discussions which would not convince either of us."

"I was wrong, caballero, I allow," Don Ruiz answered; "it does not become me, who am as yet but a child, to make such remarks to you; so, pray pardon me."

"I have nothing to pardon you, senor," Stronghand replied with a smile; "on the contrary, I thank you. Now let us attend to the most pressing affair—that is to say, what you purpose doing to get out of your present situation."

"I confess to you that I am greatly alarmed," Don Ruiz replied, with a slight tinge of sadness, as he looked at the girl, who was still sleeping. "What has happened to me, the terrible danger I have incurred, and from which I only escaped, thanks to your generous help—"

"Not a word more on that subject," Stronghand interrupted him quickly. "You will disoblige me by pressing it further."

The young man bowed.

"Were I alone," he said, "I should not hesitate to continue my journey. A brave man, and I believe myself one, nearly always succeeds in escaping the perils that I have my sister with me—my sister, whose threaten him, if he confront them: but energy the terrible scene of this night has broken, and who, in the event of a second attack from the pirates of the prairies, would become an easy prey to the villains—the more so because, too weak to save her, I could only die with her."

Stronghand turned away, murmuring to himself compassionately.

"That is true, poor child;" then he said to Don Ruiz, "still you must make up your mind."

"Unfortunately I have no choice; there is only one thing to be done: whatever may happen, I shall continue my journey at sunrise, if my sister be in a condition to follow me."

"That need not trouble you. When she awakes, her strength will be sufficiently recovered for her to keep on horseback without excessive fatigue; but from here to Arispe the road is very long."

"I know it; and it is that which frightens me for my poor sister."

"Listen to me. Perhaps there is a way for you to get out of the scrape, and avoid up to a certain point the dangers that threaten you. Two days' journey from here there is a military post, placed like an advanced sentry to watch the frontier, and prevent the incursions of the Indios bravos, and other bandits of every description and color who infest these regions. The main point for you is to reach this post, when it will be easy for you to obtain from the commandant an escort to protect you from any insult for the rest of your journey."

"Yes; but, as you remark, I must reach the post."

"Well?"

"I do not know this country: one of the two peons who accompanied me acted as guide; and now he is dead, it is utterly impossible for me to find my way. I am in the position of a sailor, lost without a compass on an unknown sea."

Stronghand looked at him with surprise mingled with compassion.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "how improvident is youth! What! imprudent boy! you dared to risk yourself in the desert, and entrust to a peon your sister's precious life?" But, recollecting himself immediately, he continued, "Pardon me; reproaches are ill-suited at this moment; the great thing is to get you out of the danger in which you are."

He let his head fall on his hands, and plunged into serious reflections, while Don Ruiz looked at him with mingled apprehension and hope. The young man did not deceive himself as to his position: the reproaches which Stronghand spared him, he had already made himself, cursing his improvident temerity; for things had reached such a point, that if the man to whom he owed his life refused to afford him his omnipotent protection, he and his sister were irremediably lost.

Stronghand, after a few minutes, which

CORAL FISHING ON THE COAST OF SICILY.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.]

seemed to last an age, rose, seized his rifle, went up to his horse, saddled it, mounted, and said to Don Ruiz, who followed all his movements with anxious curiosity—

"Wait for me, however long my absence may be; do not stir from here till I return."

Then, without waiting for the young man's answer, he bent lightly over his horse's neck, and started at a gallop. Don Ruiz watched the black outline, as it disappeared in the gloom; he listened to the horse's foot-falls so long as he could hear them, and then turned back and seated himself pensively at the fire, and looked with tearful eyes at his sleeping sister.

"Poor Marianita!" he murmured, with a heart-rending outburst of pity.

He bowed his head on his chest, and with pale and gloomy face awaited the return of Stronghand—a return which, in his heart, he doubted, although, with the obstinacy of desperate men, who try to deceive themselves by making excuses whose falsehood they know, he sought to prove its certainty.

We will take advantage of this delay in our narrative to trace rapidly the portraits of Don Ruiz de Moguer and his sister Marianita. We will begin with the young lady, through politeness.

Dona Mariana—or rather Marianita, as she was generally called at the convent, and by her family—was a charming girl scarce sixteen, graceful in her movements, and with black lustrous eyes. Her hair had the bluish tinge of the raven's wing; her skin, the warm and gilded hues of the sun of her country; her glance, half veiled by her long brown eyelashes, was ardent; her straight nose, with its pink flexible nostrils, was delicious; her laughing mouth, with its bright red lips, gave her face an expression of simple, ignorant candor. Her movements, soft and indolent, had that indescribable languor and serpentine undulation alone possessed in so eminent a degree by the women of Lima and Mexico, those daughters of the sun in whose veins flows the molten lava of the volcanoes, instead of blood. In a word, she was a Spanish girl from head to foot—but Andalusian before all. Here was an ardent, wild, jealous, passionate, and excessively superstitious nature. But this lovely, splendid statue still wanted the divine spark. Dona Mariana did not know herself; her heart had not yet spoken; she was as yet but a delicious child, whom the fiery breath of love would convert into an adorable woman.

Physically, Don Ruiz was, as a man, the same his sister was a woman. He was a thorough gentleman, and scarce four years older than Dona Mariana. He was tall and well-built; but his elegant and aristocratic form denoted great personal strength. His regular features—too regular, perhaps, for a man—bore an unmistakable stamp of distinction; his black eye had a frank and confident look; his mouth, which was rather large, but adorned with splendid teeth, and fringed by a fine brown moustache, coquettishly turned up, still retained the joyous, careless smile of youth; his face displayed loyalty, gentleness, and bravery carried to temerity—in a word, all his features offered the most perfect type of a true-blooded gentleman.

Brother and sister, who, with the exception of a few almost imperceptible variations, had the most perfect physical likeness, also resembled each other morally. Both were equally ignorant of things of the world. With their pure and innocent hearts they loved each other with the holiest of all loves, fraternal affection, and only lived through and for each other.

Hence, Dona Mariana had felt a great delight and great impatience to quit the convent, when Don Ruiz, in obedience to his father's commands, came to fetch her from the Rosario. This impatience obliged Don Ruiz not to consent to wait for an escort on his homeward journey, for fear of vexing his sister. It was an imprudence that caused the misfortunes we have already described, and for which, now they had arrived, Don Ruiz reproached himself bitterly. He cursed the weakness that had made him yield to the whims of a girl, and accused himself of being, through his weakness, the sole cause of the frightful dangers from which she had only escaped by a miracle, and of those no less terrible, which, doubtless, still threatened her as the hundred and odd leagues they had still to go before reaching the hacienda del Toro, where dwelt her father, Don Hernando de Moguer.

Still the hours, which never stop, continued to follow each other slowly. The sun had risen; and, through its presence on the horizon, immediately dissipated the darkness and heated the ground, which was chilled by the abundant and icy dew of morning.

Dona Marianita, aroused by the singing of the thousands of birds concealed beneath the foliage, opened her eyes with a smile. The calm sleep she had enjoyed for several hours restored not only her strength, which was exhausted by the struggles of the previous evening, but also her courage and gayety. The girl's first glance was for her brother, who, anxious and uneasy, was attentively watching her slumbers, and impatiently awaiting the moment for her to awake.

"Oh, Ruiz," she said, in her melodious voice, and offering her hand and cheek simultaneously to the young man, "what a glorious sleep I have had."

"Really, sister," he exclaimed, kissing her gladly, "you have slept well."

"That is to say," she continued, with a smile, "that at the convent I never passed so delicious a night, accompanied by such charming dreams; but it is true there were two of you to watch over my slumbers—two kind and devoted hearts, in whom I could trust with perfect confidence."

"Yes, sister; there were two of us."

"What?" she asked in surprise mingled with anxiety. "*There were*— What do you mean, Ruiz?"

"What I say; nothing else, dear sister."

"But I do not see the caballero to whom we have incurred so great an obligation. Where is he?"

"I cannot tell you, little sister. About two hours ago he mounted his horse and left me, telling me not to stir from here till his return."

"Oh, in that case I am quite easy. His absence alarmed me; but now that I know he will return—"

"Do you believe so?" he interrupted.

"Why should I doubt it?" she continued, with some animation in her voice; "did he not promise to return?"

"Certainly."

"Well! a caballero never breaks his pledged word. He said he would come, and he will come."

"Heaven grant it!" Don Ruiz, muttered.

And he shook his head sadly, and gave a profound sigh. The maiden felt herself involuntarily assailed by anxiety. This persistency undoubtedly terrified her.

"Come, Ruiz," she said, turning very pale, "explain yourself. What has happened between this caballero and yourself?"

"Nothing beyond what you know, sister. Still, in spite of the man's promise, I know not why, but I fear. He is a strange, incomprehensible being—at one moment kind, at another cruel—changing his character, and almost his face, momentarily. He frightens and repels, and yet attracts and interests me. I am afraid he will abandon us, and fear that he will return. A secret foreboding seems to warn me that this man will have a great influence over your future and mine. Perhaps it is our misfortune that we have met him."

"I do not understand you, Ruiz. What means this confusion in your ideas? Why this stern and strange judgment of a man whom you do not know, and who has only done you kindness?"

At the moment when Don Ruiz was preparing to answer, the gallop of a horse became audible in the distance.

"Silence, brother!" she exclaimed, with an emotion she could not repress; "silence, here he comes!"

The young man looked at his sister in amazement.

"How do you know it?" he asked her.

"I have recognized him," she stammered, with a deep blush. "Stay— Look!"

In fact at this moment the shrubs parted, and Stronghand appeared in the open space. Don Ruiz, though surprised at the singular remark which had escaped his sister, had not time to ask her for an explanation. Without dismounting, Stronghand, after bowing courteously to the young lady, said, hurriedly—

"To horse!—to horse! Make haste! Time presses!"

Don Ruiz at once saddled his own horse and his sister's—and a few minutes later the two young people were riding by the hunter's side.

"Let us start!" the latter continued. "Caballero, I warned you that you were doing an imprudent action in liberating that villain. If we do not take care, we shall have him at our heels within an hour."

These words sufficed to give the fugitives wings, and they started at full gallop after the bold woodranger. An hour elapsed ere a word was exchanged between the three persons; bent over the necks of their steeds they devoured the space—looking back anxiously from time to time, and only thinking how to escape the unknown dangers by which they felt themselves surrounded. About eight o'clock in the morning, Stronghand checked his horse, and made his companions a sign to follow his example.

"Now," he said, "we have nothing more to fear. When we have crossed that wood, which stretches out in front of us like a curtain of verdure, we shall see the Fort of San Miguel, whose walls will offer us a certain shelter against the attacks of all the bandits of the desert, were there ten thousand of them."

"Last night I fancy that you spoke to me of a more distant post," Don Ruiz said.

"Yes; for I fancied San Miguel abandoned, if not in ruins. Before I gave you what might prove a fallacious hope, I wished to assure myself of the truth of the case."

"Do you believe that the commandant will consent to receive us?" the young lady asked.

"Certainly, senorita, for a thousand reasons. In the first place, the frontier posts are only established for the purpose of watching over the safety of travellers; and then, again, San Miguel is commanded by one of your relations—or, at any rate, an intimate friend of your family."

The young people looked at each other in surprise.

"Do you know this commandant's name?" Don Ruiz asked.

"I was told it: he is Don Marcos de Nisa."

"Oh!" Dona Mariana exclaimed, joyfully; "I should think we do know him: Don Marcos is a cousin of ours."

"In that case, all is for the best," the hunter answered, coldly. "Let us continue our journey; for there is a cloud of dust behind us that forebodes us no good, if it reaches us before we have entered the post."

The young people, without answering, resumed their gallop, crossed the wood, and entered the little fort.

"Look!" Stronghand said to Don Ruiz and his sister the moment the gate closed upon them. They turned back. A numerous band of horsemen issued from the wood at this moment, and galloped up at full speed, uttering ferocious yells.

"This is the second time you have saved our lives, caballero," Dona Mariana said to the partisan, with a look of gratitude.

"Why count them, senorita?" he replied, with a sadness mingled with bitterness. "Do I do so?"

The maiden gave him a look of undefinable meaning, turned her head away with a blush, and silently followed her brother.

The Spaniards, whatever may be the opinion the Utopians of the old world express about their mode of civilization, and the way in which they treated the Indians of America, understood very well how to enhance the prosperity of the countries they had been endowed with by the strong arms of those heroic adventurers who were called Cortes, Pizarro, Balboa, Alvadaro, &c., and whose descendants, if any by chance exist, are now in the most frightful wretchedness, although their ancestors gave a whole world and incalculable riches to their ungrateful country.

When the Spanish rule was established in America, the first care of the conquerors—after driving back the Indians who refused to accept their iron yoke into frightful deserts, where they hoped want would put an end to them—was to secure their frontiers, and prevent these indomitable hordes, impelled by hunger and despair, from entering the newly-conquered country and plundering the towns and the haciendas. For this purpose they established along the desert line a cordon of presidios and military posts, which were all connected together, and could, in case of need, assist each other, not so much through their proximity—for they were a great distance apart, and scattered over a great space—but by means of numerous patrols of lanceros, who constantly proceeded from one post to the other.

At present, since the declaration of independence, owing to the neglect of the governments which have succeeded each other in this unhappy country, most of the presidios and forts no longer exist. Some have been burned by the Indians, who became invaders in their turn, and are gradually regaining the territory the Europeans took from them; while others have been abandoned, or so badly kept up, that they are for the most part in ruins. Still, here and there you find a few, which exceptionable circumstances have compelled the inhabitants to repair and defend.

As these forts were built in all the colonies on the same plan, in describing the post of San Miguel, which still exists, and which we have visited, the reader will easily form an idea of the simple and yet effective defence adopted by the Europeans to protect them from the surprises of their implacable and crafty foes.

The post of San Miguel is composed of four square pavilions, connected together by covered ways, the inner walls of which surround a court-yard planted with lemon-trees, peach-trees, and algarobes. On this court opens the rooms intended for travellers, the barracks, &c. The outer walls have only one issue, and are provided with loop-holes, which can only be reached by mounting a platform eight feet high and three feet wide. All the masonry is constructed of *adobes*, or large blocks of earth stamped and baked in the sun.

Twenty feet beyond this wall is another, formed of cactuses, planted very closely together, and having their branches intertwined. This vegetable wall, if we may be allowed the use of the expression, is naturally very thick, and protected by formidable prickles, which render it impenetrable for the half-clad and generally badly-armed Indians. The only entrance to it is a heavy gate, supported by posts securely bedded in the ground. The soldiers, standing at the loop-holes of the second wall, fire in perfect shelter, and command the space above the cactuses.

On the approach of the Indians, when the Mexican Moon is at hand—that is to say, the invariable season of their invasions—the sparse dwellers on the border seek refuge inside San Miguel, and there in complete safety wait till their enemies are weary of a siege which can have no result for them, or till they are put to flight by soldiers sent from a town frequently fifty leagues off.

Don Marcos de Nisa was a man of about forty, short and plump, but withal active and quick. His regular features displayed a simplicity of character, marked with intelligence and decision. He was one of those educated, honest, professional officers, of whom the Mexican army unfortunately counts too few in its ranks. Hence, as he thoroughly attended to his duties, and had never tried to secure promotion by intrigue and party manœuvres, he had remained a captain for ten years past, without hope of promotion, in spite of his qualifications (which were recognised and appreciated by all) and his irreproachable conduct. The post he occupied at this moment as Commandant of the Block-house of San Miguel proved the value the governor of the province set upon him; for the frontier posts, constantly exposed to the attacks of the redskins, can only be given to sure men, who have long been accustomed to Indian warfare.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE POST OF SAN MIGUEL.

As the dangerous honor of commanding one of the border forts like San Miguel is not at all coveted by the brilliant officers accustomed to clatter their sabres on the stones of the Palace in Mexico, it is generally only given to brave soldiers who have no prospect of promotion left to them.

Informed by a cabo, or corporal, of the names of the guests who thus suddenly arrived, the captain rose to meet them with open arms and a smile on his lips.

"Oh, oh," he exclaimed, gleefully, "this is a charming surprise! Children, I am delighted to see you."

"Do not thank us, Don Marcos," Donna Mariana answered, smilingly. "We are not paying you a visit, but have come to ask shelter and protection of you."

"You have them already. Rayo de Dios! are we not relations, and very close ones, too?"

"Without doubt, cousin," Don Ruiz said; "hence, in our misfortune, it is a great happiness for us to come across you."

"Hilloh! you have something serious to tell me," the captain continued, his face growing gloomy.

"So serious," the young man said, with a bow to the partizan, who stood motionless by his side, "that had it not been for the help of this caballero, in all probability we should be lying dead in the desert."

"Oh, oh; my poor children! Come, dismount and follow me; you must need rest and refreshment after such an alarm. Cabo Hernandez, take charge of the horses."

The corporal took the horses, which he led to the corral; and the young people followed the captain, after having been kissed and hugged by him several times. Don Marcos pressed the hunter's hand, and made him a sign to follow them.

"There," he said, after introducing his guests into a room modestly furnished with a few butacoas; "sit down, children,; and when you have rested, we will talk."

Refreshments had been prepared on the table. While the young people enjoyed them, the captain quitted them, and went with the hunter into another room. So soon as they were alone, the two men became serious, and the joy that illumined the captain's face was suddenly extinguished.

"Well," he asked Stronghand, after making him a sign to sit down, "what news?"

"Bad," he answered, distinctly.

"I expected it," the officer muttered, with a sad toss of the head; we must put on our harness again, and push out into the savannah, in order to prove to these bandits that we are able to punish them."

The hunter shook his head several times, but said nothing. The captain looked at him attentively for some minutes.

"What is the matter, my friend?" he at length asked him, with growing anxiety. "I never saw you so sad and gloomy before."

"The reason is," he answered, "because circumstances have never been so serious."

"Explain yourself, my friend; I confess to you that you are really beginning to alarm me. With the exception of a few insignificant marauders, the borders have never appeared to me more quiet."

"It is a deceitful calm, Don Marcos, which contains the tempest in its bosom—and a terrible tempest, I assure you."

"And yet our spies are all agreed in assuring us that the Indians are not at all thinking of an expedition."

"It proves that your spies betray you, that's all."

"Possibly so; but still, I should like some proof or sign."

"I ask for nothing better; I am enabled to give you the most positive information."

"Very good; that is the way to speak. I am listening to you."

"Before all, is your garrison strong?"

"I consider it large enough."

"Perhaps so: how many men have you?"

"Sixty or seventy, about."

"That is not enough."

"What! not enough? The garrisons of block-houses are never more numerous."

"In a time of peace, it may be so; but under present circumstances, I repeat to you, that they are not enough, and you will soon agree with me on that score. You must send off a courier, without the loss of a moment, to ask for a reinforcement of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. Do not deceive yourself, captain; you will be the first attacked, and the attack will be a rude one. I warn you."

"Thanks for the hint. Still, my good friend, you will permit me not to follow it till you have proved to me that there are urgent reasons for doing so."

"As you please, captain; you are the commandant of the post, and your responsibility must urge you to prudence. I will therefore abstain from making any further observations on the subject which only concerns me very indirectly."

"You are annoyed, and wrongly so, my friend; the responsibility to which you refer demands that I should not let myself be led by vague rumors to take measures I might have cause to regret. Give me the explanation I expect of you; and, probably, when I know the imminence of the danger that threatens me, I shall follow your advice."

"I wish for nothing more than to satisfy you; so listen to me. What I have to tell you will not take long."

At this moment the room door opened and Corporal Hernandez appeared. The captain, annoyed at being thus inopportunely disturbed, turned sharply round and angrily addressed the man—

"Well, corporal," he said, "what the fiend do you want now?"

"Excuse me, captain," the poor fellow said, astounded at this rough greeting, "but the lieutenant sent me."

"Well, what does the lieutenant want? Speak! but be brief, if that is possible."

"Captain, the sentry has seen a large party of horsemen coming at full gallop towards the fort, and the lieutenant ordered me to warn you."

"Eh," said the captain, looking uneasily at the hunter, "were you in the right? and is this troop the vanguard of the enemy you threaten us with?"

"This troop," the hunter answered, with an equivocal smile, "has been following Don Ruiz and myself since the morning. I do not believe that these horsemen are Indians."

"What's the lieutenant's opinion about these scamps?" the captain asked the corporal.

"They are too far off yet, and too hidden by the dust they raise, captain, for it to be possible to recognize them," the non-commissioned officer replied with a bow.

"That is true. We had better, I believe, go and look for ourselves. Will you come?"

"I should think so," the hunter said, as he seized his rifle, which he had deposited in a corner of the room; and they went out.

Don Ruiz and his sister were talking together, while doing ample justice to the refreshment placed at their disposal. On seeing the captain, the young man rose and walked up to him.

"Cousin," he said to him, with a bow, "I hear that you are on the point of being attacked; and as it is to some extent my cause you are going to defend, for the bandits who threaten you at this moment are allies of those with whom I had a fight last night, pray allow me to fire a shot by your side."

"Viva Dios! Most heartily, my dear cousin," the captain answered, gayly; "although these scoundrels are not worth the trouble. Come along!"

"That's a fine fellow!" the captain whispered in the hunter's ear.

The latter made no answer. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, and turned away.

"Oh," Dona Mariana exclaimed, "Ruiz, what are you going to do? Stay with me, I implore you, brother!"

"Impossible, sister," the young man answered, as he kissed her; "what would our cousin think of me were I to skulk here when fighting was going on?"

"Fear nothing, Nina; I am answerable for your brother," the captain said with a smile.

The girl sat down again sadly on the butacoa from which she had risen, and the four men then left the room, and proceeded to the *patio*, or court. Here everybody was busy. The lieutenant, an old experienced soldier, with a gray moustache and face furrowed by sabre-cuts, and whose whole life had been spent on the borders, had not lost his time. While, by his order, Corporal Hernandez warned the captain, he had ordered the "fall-in" to be beaten, had placed the best shots at the loop-holes, and made all arrangements to avoid a surprise and give a warm reception to the enemy who advanced so daringly against the fort.

When the captain set foot in the court, he stopped, embraced at a glance the wise and intelligent arrangements made by his lieutenant, and a smile of satisfaction spread over his features.

"And now," he said to the hunter, "let us go and see who the enemy is with whom we have to deal."

"It is unnecessary; for I can tell you, captain," the other replied, "they are the pirates."

"Pirates!" Don Marcos exclaimed in amazement. "What! those villains would dare—"

"Alone, certainly not," Stronghand quickly interrupted him; "but with the certainty of being supported by the Indians, of whom they are only the vanguard, they will not hesitate to do so. However, unless I am greatly mistaken, their attack will not be serious; and their object is probably to discover in what state of defence the post is. Receive them, then, in such a way as to leave them no doubt on this head, and prove to them that you are perfectly on your guard; and this demonstration will without doubt be sufficient to send them flying."

"You are right," said the captain. "Viva Dios! they shall have their answer, I promise you."

He then gave the corporal an order in a low voice; the latter bowed, and went off hurriedly. For some minutes a deep silence prevailed in the fort. The moments that precede a contest bring with them something solemn, which causes the bravest men to reflect, and prepare for the struggle, either by a powerful effort of the will, or by mentally addressing a last and fervent prayer to heaven.

All at once, horrible yells were heard, mingled with the furious galloping of many horses; and then the enemy appeared, leaning over the necks of their steeds, and brandishing their weapons with an air of defiance. When they came within pistol-shot, the word to fire was given from the walls, and a general discharge burst forth like a clap of thunder.

The horsemen fell into confusion, and turned back precipitately and in the greatest disorder, followed by the Mexican bullets, which, directed by strong arms and sure eyes, made great ravages in their ranks at every step. Still, they had not fled so fast but that they could be recognized for what they really were—that is, pirates of the prairies. Half naked for the most part, and without saddles, they brandished their rifles and long lances, and excited their horses by terrific yells.

Two or three individuals, probably chiefs, with their heads covered by a species of turban, were noticeable through their ragged uniforms, doubtless torn off murdered soldiers; their repulsive dirt and ferocious appearance inspired the deepest disgust. No doubt was possible: these wretches were certainly whites and half-breeds. What a difference between these sinister bandits and the Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes—those magnificent children of nature, so careful in the choice of their weapons—so noble in their demeanor.

After a rather long race, they stopped to hold counsel, out of range of the firearms. They were at this moment joined by a second band, whose leader began speaking and gesticulating with the utmost excitement, pointing to the fort each moment with his rifle. The two bands, united, might possibly amount to one hundred and fifty horsemen.

After a rather long discussion, the pirates started again, and stopped at the very foot of the walls. Captain Nisa, wishing to inflict a severe chastisement on them, had given orders not to fire, but to let them do as they pleased. Hidden by the thick cactus hedge, the bandits had suddenly become invisible; but the Mexicans, confiding in the strength of their position and the solidity of the posts and gates, felt no fear.

Reassured by the silence of the garrison, some thirty pirates, among whom were several of their chiefs, escaladed the great gate in turn, and rushed toward the second wall. Unluckily for the success of their plan, the wall was too lofty to be cleared in the same way; hence they scattered. Some sought stones and posts to beat in the second gate; while others tried, though in vain, to open the one they had so easily scaled.

The Mexicans could distinctly hear the pirates in the second *enceinte* explaining to their comrades the difficulty they experienced in penetrating into the fort, and they must force the gate, in order to allow a passage for those who remained outside. The latter then threw their *reatas*, which, caught upon the posts, were tightened by the combined efforts of the men and horses, and seemed on the point of pulling the gate off its hinges; but the posts held firmly, and were not even shaken by this supreme effort.

"What are you waiting for, captain?" Don Ruiz whispered in the commandant's ear. "Why do you not kill these vermin?"

"There are not enough yet in the trap," he answered, with a cunning look; "let them come."

In fact, as if the bandits had wished to obey the old soldier, some twenty more clambered over the gate, so that there were fifty of the pirates between the cactus and the stone wall. Encouraged by their numbers, which momentarily increased, they made a general assault. But, all at once, every loop-hole was lit up by a sinister flash, and the bullets began showering uninterruptedly on the wretches, who, through their own position, found it impossible to answer the plunging fire of the Mexicans. Recognizing the fault they had committed, and the trap they had so stupidly entered, the pirates became demoralised, fear seized upon them, and they only thought of flight.

Then they dashed at the outer gate, to clamber over it and reach the plain; there the bullets dashed them down again—suffering from a desperation which was the greater because they had no help to hope for from their friends outside, whom, at the first check, they had heard start off at full speed; and consequently they felt they were lost.

The Mexicans, pitiless in their vengeance, fired incessantly on the wretches, some of whom, by crawling on their hands and knees, succeeded in reaching the foot of the wall below the loop-holes—a position in which they could not be attacked, unless the Mexicans exposed themselves, and ran the risk of being killed or wounded. Of fifty bandits who had scaled the gate, fourteen still lived; the others were dead, and not one had succeeded in making his escape.

"Ha! ha!" said the captain, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I fancy that the lesson will be useful, though it may have been a trifle rough."

But, on the reiterated entreaties of Don Ruiz, the worthy commandant, who in his heart was not cruel, consented to ask the survivors if they were willing to surrender, a proposition which the pirates greeted with yells of rage and defiance. These fourteen men, though their rifles were discharged, were not enemies to despise, armed as they were with long and heavy *machetes*, and resolved to die. The Mexicans were acquainted with them, and knew that in a hand-to-hand fight they would prove tough customers.

Still there must be an end to it. At an order from the captain the gate of the second wall was suddenly opened, and some twenty horsemen charged at full gallop the bandits, who, far from recoiling, awaited them with a firm foot. The *melee* was terrible, but short. Three Mexicans were killed, and five others seriously wounded; but the pirates, after an obstinate resistance, fell never to rise again.

Only one of them—profiting by the disorder and the attention which the soldiers remaining at the loop-holes paid to the fight—succeeded by a miracle of resolution and strength in scaling the wall and flying. This pirate, the only one who escaped the massacre, was Kidd. On reaching the plain he stopped for a second, turned to the fort with a gesture of menace and defiance, and, leaping on a riderless horse, went off amid a shower of bullets, not one of which struck him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Jan. 14, 1871.


## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $53. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

### BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a large supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

### ERRORS.

Mistakes will occur, and especially at this time of the year, when we are so much hurried. In a majority of cases the mistakes are made by our subscribers themselves in writing their letters. But whenever a mistake does occur, do not get excited, but write a calm letter explaining how it should be, and the error will be rectified.

THE WAR.—There are accounts from both French and Germans claiming victories—but nothing of a decisive character has recently occurred. The German bombardment of two of the forts around Paris still proceeds, and promises to be effective.

### OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. T. B., of Pontiac, Mich., says:—

"I can say good-by to 1870, but I cannot bear to say good-by to THE POST. We have taken it since 1850. I have made a number of scrap-books from THE POST—and very interesting ones."

J. E. S., of Greenville, Conn., says:—

"We have taken THE POST for over 25 years, and consider it the best paper of the kind in the country."

D. B. H., of Richmond Factory, Georgia, says:—

"I send a club of ten subscribers for your very pleasant and valuable paper."

W. H. L., of Canton, Missouri, says:—

"I thought if I could send you a list of new subscribers, it would be a kind of appreciation more satisfactory than any other kind."

That is so—there are few things pleasanter to us than such active appreciation.

C. A. K., of St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"I prize THE POST more highly than any other paper in the United States."

H. B., of Meadville, Pa., a lady of sixty-five, has taken the trouble to make up and send on a club of five subscribers. We feel greatly complimented at this evidence of interest in THE POST by a lady so advanced in years.

Miss R. R. T., of Claremont, in sending on a club says:—

"THE POST I *must* have."

Mrs. N. L. T., of West Dayton, Iowa, says:—

"I suppose the best compliment one can pay to your publications is to continue subscribing—so it is unnecessary for me to say how much I like them."

C. A. P., of Athens, Ill., says:—

"I have been a reader of THE POST from my childhood, and do not feel as if I could get along without it."

A. M. B., of Tipton, Iowa, says:—

"THE POST has lost none of its popularity with us. Missing one number makes me feel as for the absence of a dear friend."

W. H. W., of Slifer, Pennsylvania, says that he is "a little boy"—but sends a club of five, and gets a paper and picture free, for his trouble. Pretty good for "a little boy," we think.

C. R., of Willscreek, Ohio, says:

"I would not be without THE POST if I had to sell rags to get money to pay for it."

T. H., of Galion, Ohio, says:—

"I consider THE POST one of the best papers published in the United States."

E. G., of Utica, N. Y., says:—

"We have not missed a single number of THE POST during the whole year—and I like it just as well now as I did thirty-eight years ago, for I have read it more than that number of years."

Mrs. Dr. J. F., of Hadensville, Kentucky, says:—

"I have taken THE POST 14 or 15 years, and feel that my household is incomplete without it. I have several of your handsome Premium Engravings framed, and like them very much."

Mr. J. W. S., of Dayton, Ohio, says:—

"To-day is the anniversary of my first subscription to THE POST, (December 28, 1838,) and I have taken it every year from that time to the present; and expect to take it as long as I live, as I consider it emphatically the best family newspaper in the land."

E. H. G., of Green Hill, Ohio, says:—

"I have been taking THE POST for forty-five years without any stoppage—and am now in my 78th year."

We trust Mr. G. may live in good health and good spirits, to take THE POST for forty-five years longer. We have a notion of claiming among the virtues of THE POST that it conduces to longevity.

### A Talking Machine.

On Saturday an exhibition of quite a novel character was opened at the new building called the Palais Royal, Argyle street, Oxford circus, London. It is an exhibition of a talking machine, which by mechanical appliances is made to give forth utterances resembling those of a human being. It is the invention of Professor Faber, of Vienna, and has been constructed and patented by him, and is certainly a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity. It is true, the question may arise, where is the utility of it? seeing that every man, woman, and child possesses a talking machine, more or less perfect, of his or her own. But the machine has its utility nevertheless, for it illustrates a much neglected science of acoustics. Moreover, it is highly interesting as showing how far ingenuity may go. The machine has a mouth, with tongue and lips, which are set in motion by a mechanical apparatus which sets free a portion of air from a large bellows, and so controls it as to produce the sound required. It pronounced, with great clearness, every letter of the alphabet, many words, and a few sentences perfectly; not merely set words, but any words the audience chose to name. It also laughed, and uttered other cries expressive of human passions, to the astonishment, apparently, of all who heard it.—*Public Opinion.*

DARING OUTRAGE.—At Albany, N. Y., on the evening of the 6th, as the 8.20 Boston train started from the depot, a man jumped into the American Express Company's car, shot the messenger, Thomas A. Halpine, in the neck and head, took his keys, opened the safe and stole $2,259 in bills. He accomplished this while the train was crossing the Hudson river bridge, and jumped off as soon as the train reached East Albany, making his escape. After the train had stopped at East Albany for some minutes, the wounded messenger crawled to the door of the car and attracted attention. His recovery is doubtful. The detectives are after the robber.

☞ During the last twelve years 1,575 divorces have been granted in England.

## The Rip Van Winkle of the Talmud.

The story of the Rabbi Coniah has been reproduced from the Talmud for the Jewish Messenger, and is chiefly remarkable from its resemblance in one or two particulars to the world-renowned story of Rip Van Winkle, which Washington Irving gave to the world, and which has been revived in the drama by Mr. Joseph Jefferson. The Rabbi was learned above his peers, and many reverenced him for his wisdom and erudition. But he perceived not the necessity of that charity and forethought which should induce individuals to make provision for those coming after them, and therefore he received the stern lesson.

An old man was planting a carob-tree, and displayed a heartiness and zeal which seemed to indicate that he expected to enjoy the results of his labor. Coniah regarded him with astonishment, and a certain degree of contempt. For it is a tradition of the Talmud that a carob-tree does not bear fruit till seventy years after it has been planted.

"Do you expect to eat of the fruit of this tree?" the Rabbi asked with a shrug of disdain.

"Rabbi," answered the old man meekly, but with dignity, "when I was a little child, this field abounded with carob-trees laden with fruit. My fathers had planted them for me; I plant this tree for my children."

Coniah turned away murmuring: "For his children. Blind, how blind we are. We live in this world but a brief period, and yet presume to provide for those who will come after us. They must die as well as we. Our existence was not given us merely for this world. Every man ought to consider his heavenly life, and forego all care or interest about the few days that he and others will spend here. What is our lot, or the lot of our children, is of little account. We are destined for heaven, and that is enough."

While he was meditating in this manner, Coniah lay down upon the ground. Feeling the sensation of hunger he drew forth from his pocket a piece of bread, and ate, continuing his reflections. Presently he became drowsy, and fell asleep. He awoke not all that day, nor during the night. The day returned, and the night began again, and still he slept. Thus passed many days and nights during which he awoke not. A wall of stone was erected over him by a miracle, and shut him from the sight of men.

Thus for years he lay incarcerated as in a tomb. Generations passed away and numerous events occurred to change the aspect of the world. Finally seventy years were accomplished, and the stony sepulchre disappeared, restoring Coniah once more to the light of the day. He awoke as the sun ascended the meridian, and exclaimed:

"Verily, I have slept long. It was a little before the dusk of evening when I lay down; and now the sun is midway in the sky."

He arose and walked to the place where he had reproached the old man who planted the tree for posterity. Behold, it was fully grown, and a boy stood near to it eating of its fruit. Coniah accosted him:

"My young friend, who planted that carob tree?"

"Not I," replied the youth; "for it requires many years for such a tree to mature and yield its fruit. My father declared to me that my grandfather planted it."

Coniah heard this with a feeling of horror. "There can be no mistake," said he to himself. "Here it is that I rebuked the old man, and there I lay down and slept. The tree bears fruit, and I have been sleeping for seventy years."

Full of anxiety he directed his footsteps toward the city where he had dwelt. But he soon paused in mad bewilderment. The old path was gone, and the familiar trees and landmarks had disappeared. The houses had put on an unfamiliar appearance. Everything around him was strange and new.

At length he discovered the way and he came to the city. A multitude swarmed in the streets. Coniah looked sharply, but no face could he descry that had been ever known to him. Once he had a host of admirers; but now he was not recognized by any one. For him was no welcome, no word of greeting. A terrible sense of isolation came over him. He was alone in the midst of that crowd, as much so as if he had been in the solitude of a desert. Bitter was the anguish of that hour. A faint hope only remained to mitigate the fierceness of his despair.

"No more," said he to himself, "no more have I friends and acquaintances. But my family yet remains to me. With them I may yet find a home, and consolation, and peace."

With throbbing heart he hastened to the house where he had dwelt. But as he went along his confidence abated. He could not recognize his home, neither the walls nor the roof. Everything was new. With a feeling of hesitation he entered. Children were at play; their mother aided in their sports; while the father, a hale middle-aged man, was at his work. The moment that Coniah was perceived, all were still, and regarded him with apprehension and looks of suspicion. Addressing himself to the man, he said:

"Call for me the of son of Coniah."

"The son of Coniah!" exclaimed the man in astonishment. "He has long since slept with his fathers."

"Who, then are you?" Coniah asked.

"I am the grandson of Coniah."

Overjoyed, Coniah extended his arms to embrace him, exclaiming:

"I am your grandfather!"

But the grandson eluded his caresses, and replied, with great astonishment:

"You my grandfather? No! I never saw you—and I know you not."

Too distracted Coniah began to tell the story of his wonderful sleep, and to entreat for the affection of his grandson. But the latter shook his head and answered:

"You may remain here with me and do what you please. But do not ask my love. I have never seen you before and I know you not."

So Coniah remained. But his life was wretched. There was no memory to connect him with his family and endear them to each other. He was in solitude, although surrounded by living persons; for they had never seen him before and their hearts were not opened toward him. He was never more than a stranger who abode with them.

He visited the elderly men of the city, but no one could recognize him. They remembered the name of Coniah, the great rabbi, but when he attempted to make himself known they repulsed him angrily, saying:

"You are imposing upon us. Coniah has been dead for many, many years. You cannot be he."

So he wandered about with his terrible sorrow, seeking some kinsman or friend to love and comfort him. But it was in vain. He could be received nowhere without a name; and when he insisted upon his own he was counted as an imposter.

One day he entered into the college where once he had been accustomed to teach and receive honor. To avoid reproach he forbore to mention his name or speak of himself. A learned discussion was going on, and he listened with his old eagerness. As each man argued he would quote Coniah, his rules, his examples, his opinions, as men speak of one for a long time dead. There sat the living Coniah, and dared not utter a word. It was intolerable; he wept bitterly, and his cheeks flowed with scalding tears.

When he left the college his anguish was more than he could bear. The changed faces around him, the terrible solitude in the midst of his fellow men, the absence of every tie between him and them, overpowered him. Falling upon the ground, he turned his face to the sky and cried to the Lord:

"My God, I am deserted. Give me, I implore Thee, the society of men, or let me die. I am alone in the world; O! take me hence to Thee."

His prayer was heard. Weakness came upon him, and in a few days he expired.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC AND THE INDIAN WAR AFTER THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Sixth Edition, Revised, with Additions. In two volumes. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. The Westminster Review says of this book, "It presents a fascinating narrative of one of the most pregnant episodes in American history."

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EARLY MASONRY IN NORTHWESTERN OHIO. By R. E. RICHARDS, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC FOR 1871. Published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, Philada. This is full of interesting and useful matter.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH FOR JANUARY, 1871. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, for January, 1871. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY. Edited by JOSEPH S. LONGSHORE, M. D., and EDWIN D. BUCKMAN, M. D. One of the chief purposes of this journal seems to be to demolish the walls of prejudice which at present divide the medical profession up into so many isms, sects and parties. Admitting that no one school or system of medicine, whether Allopathy, Homœopathy or Eclecticism embraces all that is known in science or useful in practice, it says that it will not only admit of but solicit the widest range of discussion.

### Hydrophobia.

Professor Nathan R. Smith, M. D., the distinguished surgeon of Baltimore, Md., has recently written a valuable communication to the Baltimore Sun on the subject of Hydrophobia. Professor Smith says that the virus or poison which propagates hydrophobia exists in the saliva of the rabid animal, and merely besmears the tooth. It produces no irritation and no immediate effect, but like the virus of the small-pox has a certain period of incubation before the system becomes affected. The period in the production of canine madness varies, but it is commonly about six weeks, and then, before constitutional disease is developed, slight irritation occurs in the scar, and the wounded member becomes violently inflamed. When these phenomena take place there is no hope, and the constitutional symptoms follow immediately. However, if during the long period which precedes the symptoms mentioned above, the proper remedies be employed, and especially soon after the bite, the prevention of the disease is almost certain. A deep wound inflicted by the bite, it is asserted, is less likely to be followed by hydrophobia than is a slight scratch abrading the skin, since the copious effusion of blood washes away the poison. The preventive treatment recommended by Professor Smith is as follows: Let the wound be instantly washed again and again with soap and water, and then apply a cylindrical piece of caustic potash cut in the shape of a pencil point, and hold it firmly in the bite for fifteen seconds, without regard to the pain, which will be severe. Caustic potash, in cylindrical pieces, can be obtained of any druggist, but if the accident should happen in the country, remote from the shops, it can be made extempore by pouring boiling water on wood ashes, straining out the ley, and boiling it down to the consistency of molasses. This substitute may be applied with a smooth stick. When the wound is a mere scratch, and therefore more dangerous, wipe it over briskly with the caustic potash. Nitric or sulpuric acid diluted may also be used, but milder caustics, which do not destroy the surface of the wound cannot be relied on, although Mr. Youatt recommends nitrate of silver. After the application of the caustic, the wound may be poulticed with bread and milk for two days, and then dressed with simple salve. Professor Smith says, that in the course of fifty years' practice, he has had occasion, in many instances, to treat the bites of dogs, undoubtedly rabid, and has never known the disease to result, when the above preventive measures were employed, within three days after the bite.

### A Pin Story.

Kitty Hudson, of Nottingham, who was employed when very young in cleaning the aisles and pews of the church, used to store all the pins she picked up in her mouth—a fellow-servant giving her some sweet stuff whenever she brought her a mouthful of pins. She got so used to having her mouth full of them, that at length she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep without them. And before her friends became aware of Kitty's extraordinary mania, her double teeth had granulated away almost to the gums. At last, sleep refused to be bribed by any number of pins, her limbs became numb, and the pin-swallower was taken into Nottingham Hospital, where she had to undergo a series of operations, resulting in the extraction of a great number of pins and needles from various parts of her body. While in the hospital, Kitty contrived to make the acquaintance of a male patient, and when she was discharged married him, and lived to have seventeen children.

☞ A Cincinnati lager-beer firm does business under the name of A. Schwill & Co.

### A Woman of Address.

A New Bedford storekeeper tells us how a woman in the habit of trading at his counter and having a yearly bill, sponged an elegant black silk dress out of him successfully. She would come and look over the silks, which she was particular to have the proprietor show her, and would get permission to take a piece that contained about a dress pattern home to look at. This she would take occasion to return when the proprietor was away, and one of the young ladies in attendance would take it and cross it off the slate. Soon she would take another piece home from some other clerk to look at and keep it, and that would appear charged upon her bill at the end of the year. When the yearly bill was presented, down came the customer, and said to the proprietor that he had made a mistake in charging her with a black silk dress that she did not have. "Oh, yes," the proprietor would say, "I remember about it; you got it of me." "Yes," was the reply, "but I returned it," and then looking around the store, she would point out the young lady to whom she gave it. Miss was called up, and she remembered all about her returning it—and so the charge was deducted. This dose was repeated five times before the proprietor suspected the game, when orders were given not to let that woman carry any more goods out of the store.

### How they Know.

That there is an open passage about the Pole has long been proved by the history of what is known as the "Right Whale or Greenland Whale." One, at least, of these animals has been found in the Northern Atlantic, bearing in his side harpoons having the stamp of Pacific fishermen, whose custom it is to mark their harpoons with the name of their ship, and the time and place of fishing. Inasmuch as these whales cannot pass under ice, but have to come to the surface at short intervals to take breath; and inasmuch as they cannot pass through tropical water—the finding of a Pacific whale in the North Atlantic is conclusive proof that the animal crossed the Arctic Ocean in *open water*.

### Does the Sunflower Move?

It is an old idea that the sunflower always presents its disc to the sun whatever its position, a belief which, by observation of our common species, is often proved to be erroneous. Yet, that the statement is not wholly false, and may be found in the habits of certain species, is shown by an article in the American Naturalist for December:

"Morning after morning, at flowering time, the heads of Helianthus rigidus, (on the western prairies,) may be seen bending gently towards the east; they are erect at mid-day, and at evening gracefully droop toward the west. This continues day after day for weeks, with surprising regularity and uniformity. Later, however, the stems grow rigid and remain nearly vertical."

Faithful lovers may therefore take comfort in the knowledge that their chosen emblem of constancy is recognised by science, and that their persistent faith cannot be doubted when they sing the favorite lines of Moore:

"The sunflower turns on her god as he sets,
The same face which she turned when he rose."

### Men and Women.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and cultivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. The asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like the gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant, by studs and knots of good and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

"WISE IN HIS GENERATION."—"Your advice as a man of the world, Gus. Which of the two Miss Wilsons shall I take in to supper? There they are by the mantelpiece."

"Well, if you take the handsome one, you'll have to flatter her; if you take the plain one, she'll flatter *you*. To a man who doesn't want to marry, like yourself, I should recommend the first, as by far the less dangerous of the two."

☞ Captain Travers, of Rochester, has made a wager of $25 that he will, at the distance of 30 feet, with a pistol, shoot from the top of a wine bottle a cork on which is placed a bullet, dropping the bullet into the bottle and not breaking the bottle. He has twelve shots, and engages to perform the feat four times.

☞ The "dark ages"—ladies' ages.

☞ Since the papers told of that girl who got married by washing a child's face in the street, all the sensible girls carry towels with them.

☞ Each great gift is a trust from God. The function of the man of great genius is to do for the rest what they cannot do for themselves. Every faculty a man has is amenable to the conscience and God's law, and is to be used for its owner's advantage, but for mankind's behoof not less. What if Raphael had painted for his own eye, and then burned up his pictures; what if Shakspeare had written dramas for his family and a few friends; what if Newton had shown his diagrams and calculations to the great gownsmen at Cambridge, and then destroyed them; it would not be at all more selfish than the course of the merchant, scholar, tradesman, or politician who works for himself and himself alone.—*Theodore Parker.*

☞ An English rat-catcher, Mr. Black, has exported over three hundred rats of choice breeds to France, and has raised them of all colors, red, blue, fawn color and tortoise shell.

☞ Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

☞ The Cottage Gardener says: Earthing up potatoes diminishes the product and retards the ripening of the tubers. Long experiments in England have proved this fact, that hilling up the potato will reduce the crop one-fourth.

AN EXAMINATION of the income-tax returns of the last year develops many curious facts. A New York paper gives a resume of these, among which it is stated that the whole amount of income-tax, exclusive of the tax from corporations, was $35,025,068 86. Of this amount seven states paid the sum of $18,837,328 99, and nearly one-third of the whole amount was paid by New York. In nineteen states the amount collected was less than $75,000 for each. Mr. A. T. Stewart paid more than either one of twenty-seven states, including the territories, and more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and Montana combined. Mr. W. B. Astor paid more than the whole of the state of Vermont.

☞ There arrived at New York last year 211,190 immigrants.

☞ Fun's Postal Card says: "Mr. Tupper is reading his own works. *Now* he will know what others have suffered."

☞ A country paper asks if the "Boston dip" is a new kind of candle?

☞ Previous to the war, 90 religious papers where published in Paris.

☞ A CURIOUS STOVE.—The oldest stove probably in the United States, is one which warms the hall of Virginia's capitol, in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Richmond in 1770, and warmed the house of Burgesses for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for thirty years. It has survived three British monarchs; has been contemporaneous with four kingly monarchs, two Republics, and two Imperial governments of France.

☞ Says the captain, "I always have a goose at my table on Christmas." "Of course you do," answered Quilp, "when you are at home."

☞ The story is told that the King of Greece received General Sheridan with the exhilarating remark that he was glad to take by the hand a countryman of George Francis Train. Phil. made better time in leaving the region where such compliments grow, even than that of his famous ride from Winchester, twenty miles away.

☞ A Portland paper asserts that a man recently walked into the office of Zion's Advocate, in that pleasant little Maine city, and inquired if Mr. Zion was in.

☞ EQUINE SANCTITY.—Purchaser—That a war-horse! why he has broken both his knees! Horse Dealer—Only just a leetle bunt. He belonged to a Prussian general, and men and 'orses always say their prayers before going to battle in that country.

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette says more lives are lost weekly by scarlatina in London than the French are losing by their weekly sorties from Paris.

☞ In Alabama, it is said that a man has invented an iron horse which works by steam. It has four legs, and walks well with them. It can be made to travel, and do such work as ploughing, reaping, &c., at from 8 to 15 miles per hour.

☞ Talented bar-keepers in Detroit compound twenty-seven distinct drinks.

☞ The conundrum of the organ-grinders who are always playing the popular tune, "How can I leave thee?" is best answered by saying that several trains and a boat leave daily.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3500 bbls Western family sold at $6,50@7, and 12,000 bbls in lots at $4,50@5 for superfine; $5@5,50 for extras, $5@5,75 for Penna extra family; $6@7 for Northwestern extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $7,50@8,50 for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5,12½@5,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—30,000 bus sold at $1,35@1,45 for Penna red; $1,45@1,55 for Western red; $1,55@1,60 for Western amber, and $1,65@1,70 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 90@91c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 77@78c for Penna and Southern yellow, 75@77c for Western mixed, and 72@74c ₩ bus for white. Oats—Sales of 70,000 bus at 56@54c for black; 55@56c for mixed, and 57@58c ₩ bus for white.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $20@21; clear at $21, and extra prime at $19@19,50. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 15@17c; Excelsior hams at 16c; sides at 13c, and shoulders at 11c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 12@13c; sides at 9c, and shoulders, in salt, at 7@8c for new. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 11@12¼c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 30@34c, and roll at 36@39c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 31@32c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 16@16½c ₩ lb. Dressed Hogs—Sales at 7¼@8c ₩ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 15¼@15½c ₩ lb for upland and 15¾@16c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $25@30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 6@7¼c for Apples, and 9@9½c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@3 ₩ bbl. Cranberries sell at $9@15 ₩ bbl. Layer Raisins sell at $2,62½@2,65 ₩ box.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,15; mixed, do $1@105; straw, 1,15@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—We quote No 1 at $31; No 2 is quoted at $29. Bar Iron sells at $72@75 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $32 ₩ ton.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2107 head. The prices realized from 9@9¾ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5c ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $9,50 to 10 ₩ 100 lbs.

**Fever and Ague. Why Shake?** PLANTATION BITTERS *will positively cure any form of intermittent fever.* Travel through any region where the malady prevails, and all who have tried the preparation will tell you so. Thousands of families in the Ohio and Mississippi valley, and on the borders of the Southern rivers and swamps, regard it as a specific for the complaint. Nothing could induce them to be without it; and they begin to take it regularly at the commencement of the spring and at the close of summer, as a safeguard against malaria. They show their wisdom thereby. The shivering plague passes their door without intruding, to smite their neighbors who have shown less forecast. Every year, however, the number of these improvident victims decreases. There is no teacher like experience; and when a shaking and burning sufferer sees his friend on the next farm or plantation in perfect health, though breathing the same atmospheric poison as himself, and learns that this exception to the complaint is due to PLANTATION BITTERS.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov26-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.
oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

**Spread the Truth.**

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be. Queer reasoning this. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad. It is worse than that; it is inhuman. Suppose HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, biliousness and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effects of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the Bitters have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the western hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequalled invigorant and corrective far and wide.* Suppose profit *has* been reaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished;* and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward?
jan7-1m

**Unnatural Redness**

Of the NOSE or FACE imparts unsightliness to the most beautiful countenance. This annoying personal affliction is positively cured by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Send for circular. jan14-4t

**Interesting to Ladies.**

* * * "I am seventy years old, and have used a Grover & Baker machine for the last twelve years. My daughter uses a Wilcox & Gibbs machine, but brings me her work after every week's wash to be repaired on the Grover & Baker."—*Mary D. Gibbons, Quincy, Mass.*

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 400 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will; how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers $1. NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work *free.* As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
nov12-6teow.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On December 27th, by Rev. J. B. Smith, Mr. HARRY S. AGIN to Miss MARY FITE, all of this city.

On December 22d, by Rev. Thomas X. Orr, JOHN L. BALDWIN to MARY V. HUMPHREYS, all of this city.

On December 28th, by Rev. Geo. A. Pelts, THOMAS CROMBY, Esq., to Mrs. ISABELLA L. DAVIS, all of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by Rev. S. Vernant, P. E., Rev. S. C. CHANTIN, of Berlin N. J., to ADA, eldest daughter of O. W. Goodwin, Esq., of Camden, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by Rev. Geo. W. Maclaughlin, Mr. RUSSELL N. SHARKINS to Miss SARAH MULLEN.

On the 3d instant by Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., Mr. S. R. STARR to Miss MARY C. CLAY, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES S. HAMILTON to Miss SALLIE A. LITTLE, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of December, ELIZABETH REYNOLDS, aged 101 years.

On the 1st instant, JACOB W. CLARK, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 1st instant, JAMES IRWIN, in the 67th year of his age.

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH ELLIOTT, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 1st instant, Capt. THOMAS J. BARTLETT, in the 52d year of his age.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE HAAS, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 2d instant, Rev. ANDREW J. SCOTT, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 3d instant, HANNAH S. TEMPLE, in the 80th year of her age.

On the 1st instant, MARY A. ATKINS, aged 35 years.

On the 1st instant, EDWARD GIFFORD, aged 32 years.

# THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

## DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers. Those who speak of her as a merely "sensational" writer, simply have caught up a parrot cry, and show their utter ignorance of her works.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

## STORY OF ADVENTURE,

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

## INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

## TERMS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

## 3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

## THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

## FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms:

| | |
|---|---|
| One copy (and a Premium Steel Engraving) | $2.50 |
| 2 copies, | 4.00 |
| 4 " | 6.00 |
| 5 " (and one extra) | 8.00 |
| 8 " (and one extra) | 12.00 |
| 11 " (and one extra) | 16.00 |
| 14 " (and one extra) | 20.00 |
| One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, | 4.00 |

*Every person getting up a Club will receive one of the large Steel-Plate Premium Engravings—and for Clubs of 5 and over both a Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.*

Our last Premium Engraving is "THE SISTERS"—a perfect Gem. The others are "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," and "One of Life's Happy Hours." Either of these engravings will be sent, as desired. If no directions are given, "The Sisters" will be sent.

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish a Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish them for *two dollars*. All these engravings are done on Steel—they are not wood-cuts or lithographs.

## TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter-up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

**Sewing Machine Premium, &c.**—See terms on the second page of this paper

## Coral Fishing.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Coral fishing may be said to be quite special, presenting no analogy with any other fishing in the European seas, if we except the sponge fisheries. The fishing stations which occur are found on the Italian coast and on the coast of Barbary; in short, in most parts of the Mediterranean basin. In all these regions, on abrupt rocky beds, certain aquatic forests occur, composed entirely of the red coral, the most brilliant and the most celebrated of all the corals, *Corallium deus liquidi!* During many ages, as we have seen, the coral was supposed to be a plant. The ancient Greeks called it the *daughter of the sea*, which the Latins translated into *coralium* or *coralium*. It is now agreed among naturalists that the coral is constructed by a family of polyps (minute animals) living together, and composing a polypidom. It abounds in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, where it is found at various depths, but rarely less than five fathoms, or more than a hundred and fifty. Each polypidom resembles a pretty red leafless under-shrub bearing delicate little star-like radiating white flowers. The axes of this little tree are the parts common to the association, the flowerets are the polypi. These axes present a soft reticulated crust, full of little cavities, which are the cells of the polypi, and are permeated by a milky juice. Beneath the crust is the coral, properly so called, which equals marble in hardness, and is remarkable for its striped surface, its bright red color, and the fine polish of which it is susceptible. The ancients believed that it was soft in the water, and only took its consistence when exposed to the air.

The fishing is chiefly conducted by sailors from Genoa, Leghorn, and Naples, and it is so fatiguing, that it is a common saying in Italy that a sailor obliged to go to the coral fishery should be a thief or an assassin. The saying conveys a good idea of the occupation.

The barks sent to the fishing range from six to fifteen tons; they are solid, and well adapted for the labor; their rig is a great lateen sail, and a jib or staysail. The stern is reserved for the capstan, the fishers, and the crew. The fore part of the vessel is reserved for the requirements of the patron or master.

The lines, wood, and irons employed in the coral fisheries are called the *engine;* it consists of a cross of wood formed of two bars, strongly lashed or bolted together at their centre; below this a great stone is attached, which bears the lines, arranged in the form of a sac. These lines have great meshes, loosely knotted together, resembling the well-known swab.

The apparatus carries thirty of these sacs, which are intended to grapple all they come in contact with at the bottom of the sea. They are spread out in all directions by the movement of the boat. The coral is known to attach itself to the summits of a rock and to develop itself, forming banks there, and it is to the rocks that the swab attaches itself so as to tear up the precious harvest. Experience, which in time becomes almost intuitive, guides the Italian fisher in discovering the coral banks. The craft employed in the great fishery have a "patron" or captain, the bark having a poop, with a crew of eight or ten sailors, and in the season it is continued night and day. The whole apparatus, and mode of using it, is shown in the engraving.

When the patron thinks that he has reached the coral bank, he throws his engine overboard. As soon as the apparatus is engaged, the speed of the vessel is retarded, the capstan is manned by six or eight men, while the others guide the helm and trim the sails. Two forces are thus brought to act upon the lines, the horizontal action of the vessel and the vertical action of the capstan. In consequence of the many inequalities of the rocky bottom, the engine advances by jerks, the vessel yielding more or less, according to the concussion caused by the action of the capstan or sail. The engine seizes upon the rugged rocks at the bottom, and raises them to let them fall again. In this manner the swab, floating about, penetrates beneath the rocks where the coral is found, and is hooked on to it. To fix the lines upon the coral and bring them home, is a work of unheard-of labor. The engine long resists the most energetic and repeated efforts of the crew, who, exposed almost naked to the burning sun of the Mediterranean, work the capstan to which the cable and engine are attached, while the patron urges and excites them to increased exertion, and the sailors trim the sail and sing with a slow and monotonous tone a song, the words of which improvise in a sort or psalmody the names of the saints most revered among the seafaring Italian population.

The lines are finally brought home, tearing or breaking blocks of rock, sometimes of enormous size, which are brought on board. The cross is now placed on the side of the vessel, the lines arranged on the deck, and the crew occupy themselves in gathering the results of their labor. The coral is gathered together, the branches of the precious zoophyte are cleansed, and divested of the shells and other parasitic products which accompany them; finally, the produce is carried to and sold in the ports of Messina, Naples, Genoa, or Leghorn, where the workers in jewelry purchase them. Behold, fair reader, with what hard labor, fatigue, and peril, the elegant bijouterie with which you are decked is torn from the deepest bed of the ocean!

ARE THE TWO SIDES OF THE BRAIN ALIKE?—Dr. Brown-Sequard thinks not. In the course of his remarks, at the British Association at Liverpool, he said that the series of experiments he had made upon different animals led him to the belief that the right side of the brain was more important for organic life than the left side. Although the two sides of the brain were precisely alike when the animals were born, by greater development of the activities one side came to be quite different from the other.

☞ They have necktie sociables in Montana. Every lady, upon entering the door, is required to give the doorkeeper an envelope containing a necktie made of the same material as the dress she wears that evening, to be made in any conceivable shape and trimmed as she chooses. Every gentleman pays fifteen cents at the door and receives a check for a nectie, and afterward the neckties are distributed to checkholders. After receiving his new article of dress, each gentleman commences a search for the lady who made it; and, after finding her, shows his gratitude by treating her to oysters, cake, peaches, &c.

## HE KNOWS.

I know not what will befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitterness than I think.
The Lord may sweeten the water before I stoop to drink.
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

It may be there is waiting for the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing. I would not if I might;
I would rather walk on in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming years back, with the whispered word "He knows."

## "Catching Cold," or "Catching Heat?"

BY ROBERT WHITE, JR., M. D., BOSTON.

The season during which the complaints commonly called "colds" prevail most extensively is now upon us, and their very general prevalence at this season may justly entitle them to be called fashionable, for there are fashions in disease and in medicine as well as in other things. Of course their being fashionable will prevent a large number from taking precautions against contracting them; yet, as they are troublesome, at least, and by inattention and ignorance may become dangerous, and as it is easier to avoid than to get rid of them, we will try to explain how colds are contracted, and what they are. There is a general misapprehension of the true nature of these affections, and of their causes, the very phrases cold and catching cold being often misnomers, and we propose to show that in many cases the trouble is caused by catching *heat* rather than catching cold.

The parts usually affected by colds, are the lining membranes of the nose, throat and lungs, or, more properly, of the bronchial tubes; for when the lung substance is attacked, the affection is of a very different and more severe character than a common cold. Every time we breathe, the air which we draw into our lungs passes through the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, and finally into the air-cells of the lungs. These are all covered with a thin delicate membrane similar to that on the inside of the lips, plentifully supplied with blood-vessels, and with innumerable little follicles, that secrete a milky fluid called *mucus*, for the purpose of keeping the membrane in a moist and healthy condition. The mucous membrane of the nose, mouth, and throat, is constantly covered with this mucus, yet, when the secreting surface is in a healthy condition, its presence in the air-passages gives us no trouble; it is only when affected by cold, or some other exciting cause, that we know anything of this secretion, and then its presence in increased quantity in the nose is manifested by the necessity for the free use of the handkerchief, and in the throat and bronchial tubes, by "hawking" and coughing, produced by the irritating presence of the *mucus*. These are the most common symptoms of colds, and we will not enumerate any others, as these are the only ones to be considered in connection with the subject we wish to speak of at present, viz., that these pulmonary complaints may be contracted by exposure to heat, as well as to cold. Every one knows that in going from a hot room to a cold one, or to the outside air in cold weather, they are liable to get cold, but very few know that they incur the same danger in going from a cold atmosphere into a warmer one. It is but a short time since this theory was first advanced, and it has not received the attention its importance would warrant, for nobody likes to trouble himself about a slight cold, lest he should be thought "fussy," etc., but it should be remembered that these affections do not always remain slight colds, and that what is apparently but a trifling attack may become a prolonged and serious one, and have a dangerous or even fatal termination; so, for the benefit of those who are particularly susceptible to colds, and desire to avoid them, we will try to show how they may be contracted by heat.

As before stated, the mucous membrane of the air-passages are the parts affected in colds, and are supplied freely with blood-vessels and mucous follicles, which in health pour out sufficient *mucus* to keep the membrane moist and healthy; when a cold is contracted, the increase of this mucus is one of the most prominent symptoms, and is caused in this way: you probably know that when cold is applied to the skin in any way, it drives the blood from it by constricting the vessels, and that as soon as the column of blood regains its force, the fluid returns to the skin in increased quantity; this fact is well illustrated by plunging the hand into cold water after it has been benumbed with cold; the redness of the skin, and the painful tingling produced, give pretty good evidence of the force with which the blood returns. Now this is just what happens in the mucous membrane of the air-passages; the cold air, passing over the membrane, drives the blood from it temporarily, but when it returns it comes with greater force and in larger quantity than is natural, distending the blood-vessels, and forcing a greater amount of the fluid to the mucous surface, exciting them to increased activity, and they then pour out a larger amount of the mucous secretion than is discharged in health, in order to relieve the congested state of the mucous membrane. Suppose a case, to illustrate this point. A man leaves the office, or work-room, where he has been breathing an atmosphere of 70 to 80 degrees Fah., plunges at once into the cold outside air of 10 to 20 degrees Fah., and after an exposure to this of half an hour, more or less, reaches his home, and at once encounters as great a change again, passing suddenly from an atmosphere approaching zero to one seventy or eighty degrees above it. Of course these sudden transitions from one extreme of temperature to another affects the mucous membrane, which is exposed to the air, very unfavorably, and the different alternations of cold and heat to which it is subjected produce their characteristic results, ending in the congestion and increased secretion of the mucous surfaces. Now, as you have some idea of the cause of colds, and as knowledge is power, you can take measures to avoid them, for "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," and it is much easier to avoid a cold than to get rid of one. How can we avoid, you ask, if both cold and heat give us colds; we cannot reduce the temperature of our rooms below a comfortable degree, nor elevate that of the outside air; very true; but you *can* very often avoid going immediately from a cold room into a hot one, and *vice versa*. After coming in from very cold outside air, linger for a minute or two in the hall, or on the staircase, before entering the heated rooms—which, by the way, are much too hot generally—and on leaving the house observe the same rule. Many will consider these needless precautions, useless trouble, etc., but some people are exceedingly susceptible to colds without knowing why they contract them, when, as they suppose, they have not been exposed to any exciting cause, and it is to those who are so exceedingly susceptible that these precautions are particularly recommended; at first, perhaps their observance will be a little troublesome, but after following them for a short time, and experiencing their benefit, those who have been sufferers from almost continuous colds during the winter season, will feel well repaid for their attention, by the unusual freedom from these troublesome complaints which they will experience.—*Good Health.*

## Ingenious Thieves.

One of the most wonderful robberies ever perpetrated—wonderful at least, when one considers the means at the disposal of the robber—was the achievement of a Frenchman who, for a long time after it, was recognized in his profession as the "King of Bandits."

His claim to this title was based upon a single exploit—the robbing of a diligence, which feat he not only planned, but carried into successful execution, without any assistance whatever. To do this, he made all his arrangements with the most careful completeness, and, we may be sure, fixed a night for the attack when the coach carried a freight worth robbing. He studied closely the country through which the journey was to be made, and selected a point on the road where there was a very steep hill, with hedges and underwood at either side. He then procured a number of stout sticks about the length and thickness of the barrel of a gun. These he stuck into the hedges, letting the ends of them appear, as if they were the muzzles of guns directed by persons in ambuscade behind the hedge. As the diligence now came toiling slowly up the hill, the driver saw a man standing on the pathway, and gesticulating violently. On approaching nearer, the man could be heard distinctly haranguing them: "Ready? Obey orders! No firing if there be no resistance!" And then the robber, walking slowly forward, stopped the horses, told the guard to get down and to lie with his face and hands on the ground, and that no violence would be offered to him. He then went to the door of the vehicle, and assuring the ladies, who were screaming for help, that they need be under no alarm, begged each passenger, as he stepped out, to hand him his purse, and then to lie down on his face and hands near the guard. While all this drama was being enacted, the robber-chief kept shouting to his assistants not to fire unless there was resistance; not to fire until they should get his signal. Thus, one by one, he handed every passenger out of the vehicle; each giving up his purse as if it was a ticket, and then going and lying upon the wet grass side by side with the guard. When the diligence was empty, our highwayman retired with all the movable property he desired to possess himself of, and escaped through the wood. The most amusing part of the story was that amongst the travellers were several officers fully armed, who surrendered their swords at discretion, and joined the other dupes on the grass. It is well to add that the robber was ultimately apprehended, and the greater part of the stolen property was found upon him.

Another very extraordinary robbery was one which has only recently been detected; if it has less adventure in it than the other it has certainly more system and ingenuity. The enterpriser in this case was also thought very highly of among his brethren, and was well known to professional thieves as "Jack in the Box." His chief residence was in London, but he had offices for his business in many other English towns. His system was this: He had a box so constructed that he could lie down in it with ease, and rely upon always having plenty of fresh air; it could also contain provisions, tools, false keys, a lantern, etc., etc., and the real mode of opening it was from the inside. Jack, having caused himself to be buried alive in this coffin, would get it booked, say from Chester to Euston Square by a goods train, and carefully labelled, "This side up; to be kept till called for." The box always was put in a train that arrived at the station at night, and was accordingly stored till called for the following day. It was in this interval that the robberies was committed. When the whole station was shut up, the porters dismissed, and the place in darkness, Jack emerged from his box, lit his lantern, and set to work. He got out his tools and his keys, and took his time, for he had plenty of time to take. We all know what an insecure thing the lock of a trunk is, and how nearly all keys are made on the same pattern. They did not afford much trouble to the robber; he opened box after box, unpacking them with great care and tidiness—for long practice had made him perfect—and selecting as keepsakes the articles that were most valuable, most portable, and most easily disposed of. With these gleanings he filled the box in which he had himself come up to town, and then lay in concealment till the morning. The stores would then be opened, porters would come in to receive goods, and Jack would choose his own time to effect his escape. Later in the day he would call for a parcel that had arrived from Chester by the last goods train of the preceding night, and that was directed to be called for; he would take it away with him in a cab, having first paid all the railway charges upon it. But the day came when this little "coup" was made for the last time, and it was a policeman, and not his box, that Jack found waiting for him on application. The governor of a county gaol showed me a collection of the photographs of all the prisoners who had ever been in his charge—"that is," said he, "of all except one." That honorable exception was our friend Jack; he positively declined to be photographed. He said, with some shrewdness, that it would ruin his future prospects.

### A Chinaman in the Kitchen.

Of all household trials and tortures, we think those of Miss Malony, as recited to her friend, Ann Ryan—in Scribner, for January—must have been the sorest. Miss Malony, be it understood, had "five good characters from respectable places," and was well settled in her new situation, when a "rale haythen Chineser, a grinnin' as if he'd just come off a tay-box," was introduced into the family as a waiter:

"Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the misses a-larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways was wonderful quick. I don't deny imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

"Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chineses, till the thought made me that sick I could die. But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the misses set him to pare apples or tomateses. The saints in Heaven couldn't have made him believe he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

"Did I have fur that? Faix, an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my misses, the haythen? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cudden't be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Bathurday morn the misses was a spakin' pleasant and respectful wid me in the kitchen, when the grocer-boy comes in an' stands forenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythen), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles and empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll believe me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the misses, wrap them into bits o' paper, and I apacheless wid shurprize, an' the next minute up wid de ironin'-blankit, and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly, to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the misses sayin', 'O Kitty!' in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. 'He's a haythen nager,' says I. 'I've found you out,' says she. 'I'll arrist him,' says I. 'It's you ought to be arristed,' says she. 'You won't,' says I. 'I will,' says she—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cudden't take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore."

### Curing Drunkenness.

The following method of curing drunkenness is practiced in the Austrian army, the medical reports stating that out of 159 cases, 128 cures of confirmed drunkards have been effected:—

The soldier taken in a state of intoxication, or purposely inebriated, is confined to his room, where his diet is carefully and amply supplied to him, according to his choice. For drink, he is allowed brandy and water, in the proportion of one-third brandy to two-thirds water. All his food is prepared in a weak solution of brandy and water. Coffee, with a small quantity of brandy, is also allowed him. At first, the treatment throws the patient into a constant state of intoxication, and he sleeps much. At the end of three or four days he takes a dislike to his food and drink, and asks for a change, which request, were it acceded to, would entirely prevent the completion of the cure.

On the contrary, it must now be persevered in, until the patient can no longer swallow food or drink, and even the smell revolts and nauseates the stomach, when the cure may be considered as effected. The shortest time for the continuance of the treatment is seven days; the longest, nine. In order to prevent the congestion which might ensue, the patient must now be given gentle emetics—that is, one grain of emetic in a bottle of water, a wineglassful to be taken every quarter of an hour in the morning fasting. This is followed by forty grains of magnesia daily, given in broth or gruel, placing the patient at first on a low, light diet, and then gradually increasing to his original rations.

If, during the first part of the treatment, spitting of blood or convulsions should result, it must not be persevered in; therefore, this mode of remedy cannot, on any pretence whatever, be adopted but by a medical man. In Russia, drunkenness is also treated as a disease, and certain strong aromatic preparations are used as curative means. As a temporary remedy, to restore the unfortunate victim to a state of sobriety, give him from ten to twelve drops of spirits of ammonia in a wineglass of water. This will be sufficient in a common case; but if the person is positively drunk, it may be necessary to give the dose a second time, in which case it will generally act as an emetic (an advantage), when a short sleep will ensue, and the patient will wake restored. None but a medical man may venture to apply the ammonia to the nostrils, as not only injurious, but fatal effects might ensue.

### SEEDS.

We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level lowland,
Cast upon the windy hill:
Seeds that sink in rich brown furrows,
Soft with Heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold:
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid Thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow ripened corn—
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
Stay the hasty, heedless hands,
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father, help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till Thine harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest.

## Detectives as They Are.

Some who have read the highly-spiced fictions purporting to be reminiscences of detectives may take it for granted that a halo of romance o'erhangs the life of a professional taker of thieves and murderers. But in actual experience it is not so. Contrarywise, the life of such a man is rather prosaic than otherwise; nor, in nature, does the detective go about in those wonderful disguises the books we have referred to so enlarge upon—disguises only to be met with on the stage and in novels. He is truly "a plain clothes man," and is so spoken of by the members of the force, just as railroad people always speak of coaches and not "carriages," as the outer world does. The veteran Straightforward assures me that he has never adopted what could be legitimately called "a disguise" on any occasion. "Why," said he, "I should not have got half way down the street or past a soul I knew before one of the coves would have twigged me. 'Hallo!' he would have thought, 'what's the sergeant got them togs on for?' And then it would have been all up with my little game, for the 'office' would at once have been given, and my bird flown. Not I; I never used any disguise. I went out just as I was—plain clothes, of course. No; disguise is all bosh. When I wanted my man I always knew where to put my hand on him. In fact I only had to go to his house or call at a certain time, beckon him out, and he would come with me as quiet as a lamb."

"Did I ever have any cases of resistance or assault? Not many. If they were nasty I used to put the handbolts on them; and if I thought they intended a blow I gave them one for themselves first. I can give you an instance how I used to manage my 'obstreperous guests.' I took one, not more than fifty miles from here, in a place he was well known, but not for the thief he was. I ordered him to carry his box before me to the station. He refused, till I told him if he did not do as I told him I would hire a cab, chain him behind, hand-bolt, put the box inside, and walk leisurely on the pavement behind him, giving all the townspeople who asked questions, their full of answers. He knew I would keep my word, and he trotted before me to the terminus, with his box on his head, as quiet as—well, as a lamb."

I interrogated the sergeant upon the matter of burglary, and he instanced a "representative" case.

"A message arrives at the police office from Mr. Green Jones, saying his premises have been broken into and certain moneys or properties stolen. The chief sends myself and another detective to the place. After a few minutes' survey, we glance at each other in a peculiar way, whereupon the proprietor of the stolen property looks uneasy and perturbed. 'Well, officers, what do you make of it? The marks are plain enough, are they not?' My mate—you know Driver, sir—whistles and swings from one hand to the other the polished holly stick he always carries with him. I knew known, Driver having made his inspection first, and examine some marks on the window-sill. 'That,' says Mr. Jones, 'was evidently done with the chisel found in the garden.'

"I thought it was rather too strong that he should talk to us who knew what was like that, but determined to be even with him by-and-by. So I went on asking a lot of tom-fool questions. After a bit he said, 'Well, what'll you take to drink?' My mate said that he thought a toothful of rum—Driver is partial to rum—wouldn't poison him, while I gave a name to brandy hot. I remember it quite well. He asked us into a little room behind the shop. His wife was there, nursing a young child—an infant in fact—and she looked, poor thing, awful down in the mouth. The husband hadn't been long in business, and we knew that business had been queer with him for some time. He had to send out for the stuff, which he did by a little slatternly servant girl. While he was away talking to the girl, my mate was led to pump the miss, but I stopped him, for I saw how the land lay as clear as mud. She began, however—uneasily, I could see—to talk of it herself, saying it was strange they had heard no noise, that the servant had always slept at her mother's, and so on. When her husband returned, followed soon after by the girl, he had got hot water, and mixed the grogs—stiff ones they were, too, though it was only about noon. By the time we had all three finished our second tumblers our man got maudlin, first snivelled over his losses, and then talked big, all in a breath, as the saying is. This was more than I could stomach, though I had had his grog; so, when my mate and I went out, Driver being in front—

"'I suppose,' said he, 'you have an idea who did this?'

"'I can give you a shrewdish guess,' said I.

"'Ah! I have heard you detectives are clever chaps, and know a man's work, as you call it, by the way he goes about the job. Now, who do you suppose did this?'

"'You!' said I, looking him full in the face.

"You should have seen his countenance change, sir—first as white as that pipe, then as red as that bar curtain; and all of a minute. I never saw such a thing. Had I wanted proof of the truth of what I had said, 'twas written there in red and white.

"'What!' he blurted out, trying to gulp down a something that seemed to stick in his throat. 'Me? How dare you say such a thing?'

"'I dare say anything that I know is true. You asked me a plain question, and I gave you a plain answer.'

"Calming down a bit, when he saw I was not cowed or taken aback at all, he says—

"'Do you think I should be such a born fool as to rob myself?'

"'That's another plain question; so, if you want another plain answer, here it is. Not yourself exactly, but your creditors. That's about the breadth of it.'

"Then he began to bluster again. In the midst of which I left him and walked after Driver, who said—

"'What were you a jawing with the cove about? 'Twas his own crack.'

"'Right you are,' said I; 'and what's more, I told him so.'

"You see, sir," said the detective, in explanation, "the marks on the window-sill were all made from the inside."

It will astonish the unsophisticated reader to learn that the proceeds of a robbery are often not recovered, because it would not pay to recover them. A detective is sent for the day following a burglary. He receives a description of the spoil. He knows by what channel—as we shall presently show—intelligence may be conveyed to the present holder of the booty that the person robbed will give so much for the restoration of his valuables. But where nothing is offered the plate goes to the limbo of the melting pot. With watches, the rougee melt the cases, and having erased name and number on the works, put them into fresh cases. Rings or bracelets they denude of stones, which they dispose of on the Continent, or even at home; except in some cases, when they send them as they are, if bearing no name, crest, or mark, to the richer colonies. Indeed it is a well-known fact that the wife of a very high official, had a bracelet offered to her in one of the first shops in Melbourne that had been stolen from her house in Park Lane, London, but fifteen months before.

Even bank notes, though stopped, can be got rid of; and there is plenty of machinery for doing so. A stranger lost several Bank of England notes for fifty pounds each in a certain provincial town. Notice was given to the Branch Bank of England in the same place of the loss, the number of the notes being also supplied to the district manager. Now, Bank of England notes, when once paid into Threadneedle Street, are never re-issued, even if they have left the bank now the same day. No fear was felt of their getting abroad again, if they once went "home;" so a duplicate list of the lost notes was forwarded more leisurely to town. In about six weeks news was sent down to the provincial town to the effect that the notes had reached home. They had been paid by a bank in the provincial town to their city agents. The country bank had received them from a professional gentleman, and they had been paid to him by a tradesman in a large way of business, who had long been suspected by the police of being a buyer of stolen notes. There the clew abruptly stopped, and could be pursued no further. The tradesman said he could not tell whom he had the note from. Invited by the police to attend before the magistrates, he repeated the same tale. Asked particularly by the magistrate's clerk if he took so many fifty pound notes in a day that he could not tell whence they came, he replied, generally, that he often took fifty pound notes without indorsing them, and this must be one; and he positively could not tell how the note had come into his hands, except he knew it must have been in the regular course of trade. And so it ended.

Now, if this had been a man in a small way of business, he could not have got off by such an excuse. The police were morally sure the tradesman had bought the fifty pound note, but they could not prove it. The vastness of his business protected this man; whereas the petty trader, being unable to urge such a plea, would have been caught and punished.

### Genealogy of the Smith Family.

The Smith family are to be congratulated. They have recently found an able historian of their heraldry and genealogy, in the person of Mr. Sidney Glazebrook, of the Inner Temple, London. This gentleman compiles from the Harlian MSS., and other sources, a collection of the arms borne by, or attributed to, most families of the surname Smith in Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany. He goes back to Scandinavian mythology, to show that the Smiths are a very ancient and honorable set of people, which he explains in this way:

"When the god Heimdall went through the world under a false name, he was hospitably received by the three worthy couples Ai and Edda, Afi and Amma, Father and Mother. Edda and Amma, it may be as well to explain, mean in the old Scandinavian great-grandmother and grandmother respectively. Each household in time received its reward in the birth of a son. Ai and Edda became the parents of Thrall, Afi, and Amma of Karl, father and mother of Jarl. Hence was the land peopled with the three immemorial classes of slaves, freemen, and nobles. With the children of Thrall and Jarl we have just now nothing to do; but when Karl in due time begat sons and daughters, he called the name of one of the sons Smith."

Mr. Glazebrook looks through the other sons of all three parental pairs, but is pained to find that nearly all have vanished. The two exceptions seem to be that Jarl still abides under the name of Earle; and Smith still abides in its own form. He concludes from this that Smith is not only the most wide-spread, but the most honorable, of all Teutonic surnames.

☞ The residents of Strasburg are expected to furnish four square meals a day with two bottles of wine and five cigars apiece to the German troops billetted on them; which they regard as a "billet de."

# LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by J. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### CHAPTER XXXI.

Fortunately the landlord had been an army man and possessed the knowledge and skill requisite to do the little that could be done. He staunched the wound and placed Lasley in the best and easiest position—there was very little else possible. His wife and Milly tried to assist him, and everybody else was kept out of the room, so that there might at least be quiet. Leonie knelt by the bed, with her face buried in the clothes. She had not heard the landlord's assurance that Lasley still lived; she knew that something was being done about him, but there was no hope in her mind; she thought him either dead or so near gone that he would never be roused from that state of insensibility.

Milly had been bathing the damp forehead with cologne; it could do no good—but neither the landlord nor his wife had told her so, understanding from their own feelings that there was a certain relief in doing something. Now and then they glanced at Leonie, but nobody spoke to her. They were terrified by the stony silence of her grief; utterly at a loss to comprehend how the horrible accident could have chanced—unable yet fairly to realize that the dreadful calamity was real.

Suddenly Lasley stirred—extended one arm—and without opening his eyes, muttered—

"Leonie, poor Leonie."

She was on her feet in an instant—and it seemed to those watching, that if they were to live a thousand years, they could never forget her face as she looked then. It was not alone that she was pale, though her features were white and set as those of a corpse; it was not grief or remorse as a separate expression; but a terrible mingling of all those emotions which changed her face till she was scarcely recognizable.

"Did he speak?" she asked, in an awful whisper, without looking at either of her companions.

"He called you," Mr. Gleason answered; "he is coming to himself—speak to him."

"I thought he was dead," they heard her mutter.

Once more Lasley stirred; his eyes opened slowly and met hers; they saw a faint smile relax his lips as again he with difficulty pronounced her name—

"Leonie!"

She threw herself upon the bed with a stifled moan and encircled his head with her hands. With a simultaneous movement out of the delicacy of their womanly hearts, Milly and Mrs. Gleason motioned the landlord, and the three left the room together.

"She loved him," Mrs. Gleason whispered to Milly, when they reached the hall. "Oh, I never heard of anything so horrible!"

"Will he die?" questioned Milly, eagerly. "Oh, you don't think he will die do you?"

Mrs. Gleason only shook her head and wept silently.

"Impossible to tell," added her husband. "We can only wait till the surgeon comes. You had better go and lie down, Miss Crofton; you will be done over—you are trembling so you can hardly stand."

"I can't go up-stairs," returned Milly; "I'll lie on the sofa in the parlor; Mrs. Dormer may want me."

So kind hearted Mrs. Gleason watched beside her until at the end of another weary hour the surgeon arrived, and her husband went in to inform Mrs. Dormer of his arrival. She was sitting by the bed, and Lasley was holding her hand; he had been slightly delirious at times, but he never released his grasp, and her voice would call back his wandering senses at the worst.

Mr. Gleason leaned over Leonie, and whispered his errand; Lasley heard his voice and opened his eyes.

"Is that you, Gleason?" he asked, faintly. "What a trouble I am to you; I'm easier now. You are here, Leonie?"

His eyes closed; he murmured something about the rush of the water. Leonie must hold his hand fast—he was slipping away—slipping away.

"Mark," she said, softly, "Mark."

He opened his eyes again.

"Yes—I hear you—I always hear you."

"The surgeon has come—you will see him?"

The pressure of his hand gave consent; Leonie motioned Gleason to call the doctor. When the two entered together, Leonie spoke to Lasley again, and he roused himself at once.

"What is it, Leonie?"

"The surgeon has come, you know."

"Yes—yes! Lift my head," he answered, rationally; adding, as the men stepped forward—"you, Leonie, I want to say something." She raised him a little and supported him on her arm. It was very painful to see the effort he made to think and speak collectedly, but the surgeon signed Gleason not to interpose. "Something to say," repeated Lasley, looking up in Leonie's face, then speaking more rationally, as though the sight of her brought his mind back; "if I die—you hear me, Gleason—you, too, sir—if I die—it was an accident—remember that! Don't let her be teased with questions—there is nobody to be looked for—do you understand?"

They could only answer yes to quiet him—say that they perfectly understood, and he appeared relieved.

"Now I'm ready," he said, wearily. "Kiss me, Leonie—don't stay here! Kiss me once more! Take care of her, Gleason—I loved her."

The two men looked in Leonie's face—and neither could suggest the expediency of her going; however it ended, they felt that it would be better for her to be there. She did not stir; she held his hand while the surgeon made his preparations to probe the wound; held it still while the bullet was sought for and extracted.

The wound was not fatal; dangerous from the patient's exhaustion and loss of blood, the surgeon said; but there was much to hope.

Once or twice during the day they gently forced Leonie out to take some refreshment, making her obedient by the warning that her strength would otherwise fail; the rest of the time she watched beside the bed, vigilant where her charge was concerned, but seeming to have no life independent of the feeble spark left in his breast.

It was a long day; a day no soul there was likely ever to forget, but a very quiet one. Mrs. Gresham returned in the course of the morning, but fortunately she was a woman of sense, and did not make herself a nuisance. After listening to the little explanation that Milly could give, she decided with her that they must remain with Mrs. Dormer, and that after a time Mrs. Fanshawe had better be sent for.

It had come to be believed in the house that Mr. Lasley had accidentally wounded himself with a pistol, and as there was no gossiping newspaper letter-writer in the neighborhood there was no fear of any paragraphs getting into the city journals which could cause annoyance to Lasley or injure Mrs. Dormer.

Milly told her aunt as much of Leonie's story as she felt at liberty to do; it explained at least that it was natural and right for her to remain and nurse the wounded man, and Mrs. Gresham found, as most people would have done, a certain satisfaction in playing a part in such an interesting romance.

Milly understood more than she chose to mention. She had picked up a handkerchief in the parlor with Yates's name on it, and knew perfectly well now what had happened. She hid the tell-tale carefully and listened to her aunt's speculations in silence, wondering within herself if she ought to take any step whatever.

"I can't understand it," said Mrs. Gresham over and over, and when the Gleasons had tired themselves making the same remark, Milly was left in comparative peace.

She was sorely perplexed how to act or what was her duty. It seemed wrong to allow the criminal to escape, yet she knew enough of Leonie's history to be aware that his arrest and the exposure which must follow would be almost fatal in its consequences to her. Certainly at present the wisest thing to do would be to obey Leonie's positive command, and luckily the surgeon was too much engrossed by the beautiful case prepared for his skill to think about the cause of the accident.

The nurse that had been sent for arrived, and as the surgeon would be able to remain any length of time that was necessary, as his holiday at his sister's house had only been continued because his health was not sufficiently established to enable him to go back to the arduous duties of his profession, so the best possible arrangements had been made, and Milly at least could keep a better watch over Leonie and be a sort of comfort.

The young surgeon had been perfectly frank with them; if the patient could be got through that night and the next without fever setting in his life might be considered safe; but he owned that there was much to fear, and the inflammation resulting from the previous sprain made the case more critical.

They would have been glad to have had Leonie go to rest, but it was useless to urge her, and as the evening went on the surgeon noticed how beneficial her presence seemed to his patient, and she was not troubled with any more expostulations.

If the day had been long the night was longer, and though Mrs. Gresham insisted on Milly's going to bed, and went herself, neither slept, and finally gave the business up in despair and went back to the parlor—if they could do nothing it seemed cruel to leave Mrs. Dormer with no one near but a strange nurse in her hour of trouble.

Lasley slept at intervals; late in the night he woke with a start from some dark dream, crying out wildly for Leonie—he had lost her. The bank had fallen—he was slipping into the swift waters—Leonie! Leonie!

She roused him, and he soon became conscious of her presence. The surgeon, who had come down stairs soon after midnight, was alarmed to find that his pulse had greatly quickened, and that a flush began to gather over the dead white of his face.

He must speak to Leonie; the water roared so that he could not make her hear—there were people all about who kept her from him. He must speak—quick—he was going down, down, and he could not make her hear.

The surgeon drew the nurse to the other end of the room.

"He must have his way," he whispered; "she may be able to quiet him—this is the decisive turn."

"Don't you know me, Mark?" Leonie was saying quietly. "See, I am here—holding your hand. Try and sleep now—I shall not go away."

"Remember I loved you," he gasped painfully; "I loved you."

"And I love you, Mark! Listen to what I say; I have always loved you—from the first."

His head sank back on the pillow; she saw his lips move and stooped to catch his words.

"Say it again—it keeps me here—Leonie, Leonie!"

"I love you! Sleep, Mark, for my sake."

"You won't go—you won't leave me?"

"Never, while you want me to stay! Hold my hand fast—now sleep, dear Mark, sleep."

He soon dropped into a quiet slumber, and when morning broke again Lasley was still alive; tormented by fever, beset with delirious fancies, but with much to hope the surgeon assured Mrs. Gresham and Milly when he joined them at breakfast.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

Milly was a great comfort to Leonie during that season, and when she learned that Lasley's life was safe, the sorely tried woman had more rest from anxiety than she had known for many long, dreary months.

Mrs. Fanshawe had come up, but she and Mrs. Gresham took care of each other, and Milly did not allow either of them to trouble Leonie in any way, and so the days crept on slowly, with occasional returns of cloud when Lasley would seem worse for a time; but on the whole days of peace, for which Leonie could be grateful.

It was so great a relief to think that she need have no secret from Lasley now; he could be told the whole painful story; and though she did not yet realize that the fugitive criminal had by his own act left himself powerless to harm her now, though no hope of future repose in Lasley's love brightened her heart, it was much to feel that she need no longer bear her burthen alone. She did not expect that the secret she had guarded at such cost by pain and fear could be further hidden. She fully believed that from the distant land where he might conceal himself, Yates would take his revenge by making it known—perhaps in the public prints—but this idea did not touch her pride as it had once done. She could only feel that now Lasley might hear the truth, that he would no longer condemn her as false and wicked, that he would be her friend whatever came, and the world, whose sneers she had dreaded, seemed of very slight consequence when she could be sure of his sympathy and credence.

Two weeks passed, and though Lasley was not yet able to sit up, the surgeon averred that he was doing admirably, and promised that before half that additional time elapsed he should be allowed to walk out of his room.

One pleasant afternoon Leonie sat by his bed, and as he broke from a long, refreshing sleep, he looked into her face with his earnest, grateful eyes, saying in a voice that began to sound natural and firm once more—

"Always watching! My precious girl must think of herself a little now, or I shall get anxious, in spite of my selfishness."

"Don't you know that to see you better is all I need?" she asked. "But I have plenty of opportunity to rest—Milly is a perfect little dragon about me."

"What a noble girl she is," returned Lasley. "How kind they have all been—you must thank them for me, Leonie."

"The most acceptable thanks you can give will be to get well as soon as possible," said Leonie lightly.

"I am doing that. And you, Leonie—could I thank you?"

"You know there is no need," she replied.

"That is the pleasantest part of it," he said with a smile; no need—I might as well think of thanking myself, mightn't I, Leonie?"

"Of course," she answered. "But now you are to have something to eat—nurse has it all ready."

"I am ready, too," returned he. "How fearfully unromantic!"

"But very sensible," said Leonie, rising to summon the attendant.

Lasley enjoyed his convalescent meal with keen relish, and would have been glad to have more, but Leonie would not permit that, and he playfully reproached her with an intention of starving him, and grew quite merry over his absurd jest.

At last she took a book and sat down to read to him, but as she glanced up from the page after a few moments, she saw by his face that his thoughts had wandered, and she stopped at once, afraid that he might be tired with the effort of listening.

"Can you sleep?" she asked.

He shook his head and smiled.

"I am not to be coaxed to sleep every twenty minutes like a cross baby," he said. "I was thinking, Leonie! You have something to tell me, you know."

She laid her book down and answered quickly—

"Not now; you are not strong enough yet."

"Quite strong enough! Since I can think clearly, my mind is all the while dwelling upon it—you will do me more harm than good by being careful."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure! Is is not because you hesitate to tell me, Leonie?"

"No, no! I ought to have done so long ago, but I was a coward—after that, I was afraid for another reason."

"I know," he answered; "afraid for me. You can tell me now, Leonie; I should do nothing unwise, even if there were the opportunity; but there is not—will not be now. It is some trouble that happened while you were in California, is it not?" He felt her hands begin to tremble, and added soothingly—"Don't be afraid of me, Leonie; don't shrink! Surely you can trust me."

"Yes—yes! But it is so dreadful to remember."

"Whatever it may be, Leonie, you are certain that it cannot make me honor and respect you less."

"Dear friend; good, true friend!" she murmured, lightly touching his hand that lay upon the counterpane.

"I have not been," he said sadly; "I have been suspicious and mad—but it is all over now."

"I wanted you to know; months ago I wrote the whole story. There was a sort of journal with it that I had kept, and I meant you to see the whole some time—you shall read it as soon as you are able."

"I cannot wait," he urged; "I shall want to read it later, but you must tell me now—indeed I cannot rest till I have heard everything. I know that he lied—you were not his wife! I remember just before I fell, hearing you deny it."

"There was a marriage ceremony said over us—"

"Leonie! No—no!"

"Wait—don't you understand? I thought it a frolic! That is the hold he has kept over me ever since."

"Tell me the whole story, Leonie," he said, grasping her hand as a silent proof of his faith in her words. "The worst is over now—you can tell me."

"It was about a year before I came back to New York," Leonie began in a quiet voice. "I had returned to California after my husband's death, because I could not get work in St. Louis—I was very poor. I began teaching in a place called St. Josephs. There were some pleasant, cultivated people in the town, and they were very good to me—I did well enough. Philip Yates came there; he was with some English people of good birth. For his mother's sake they tolerated him and though he had been very bad and dissipated, they tried to persuade him into better habits. He was a great favorite in the neighborhood—I never liked him. No, that's not it; I dreaded him, but I was thrown a great deal into his society, for I was very intimate with the Daventrys."

She stopped a moment; the pressure of Lasley's hand, firm, reassuring, gave her courage to go on.

"He half made love to me—I thought very little about it, only it annoyed me, and I tried to avoid him. There was a sleigh ride one evening to an inn some miles off; I drove in a little sledge with Yates to please Mrs. Daventry—he was very gentle and subdued—said he was going away. We got to the house—there was supper and a dance. There was a girl whom I disliked—her uncle and she had come out and had got rich; she had been rude to me several times, and she was quite insane about Philip Yates."

"I know," Mark said; "you flirted with him—in the crazy days, you and I would have flirted with the old man of the sea or Hecate to tease somebody."

"Yes—oh, I deserved my punishment. I don't know how it came about—somebody said we ought to have a wedding, and I was persuaded to stand up. An old man who was stopping at the house came in and the ceremony was gone through; Ann Daventry was as eager for the coarse frolic as the others. It was done; it was hard to believe that I could be so unwomanly, but I per-

mitted it and allowed them to call me by his name.

"Go on," Lesley whispered, as she broke off with a shudder of horror and disgust. "Tell me the whole."

"We started to drive home; we were in advance of the rest before I knew it, he had turned off on another road. Then he pretended to have lost his way. He told me at last that the marriage was legal—that he loved me—had invented the whole scheme to secure me. I shewed neither anger nor fear—I knew my one hope was in being calm. I only said—'Please don't let me perish with cold, at all events—let us get home.' We came in sight of a house at last, and I knew that we were full ten miles from St. Josephs. We stopped there and the people got up to let us in. I remembered the woman, for she had lived in Mayville when Mr. Dormer and I were there for awhile, and I had helped her take care of a sick child."

"She assisted you?"

"He introduced me to her as his wife. I got her out of the room and told her the whole story. She kept me in her chamber and would not let him in. At daylight her husband came home and took me back to the town before Yates knew I was gone. As early as I could I got a sleigh to carry me down the mountain—I dared not stay there."

"My poor girl! Where did you go?"

"I got to San Francisco where I had some friends—there I stayed for awhile. Yates found where I was and followed. One day he met me out of the city—Walter Thorman protected me from him—God bless him! Then I went West again—then I got my fortune and came back to the East; he discovered it and pursued me, I suppose both for money and revenge."

"My poor girl, how you have suffered!"

"Don't you see how I was bound?" she went on. I don't even know if the marriage was legal. I could not bear the disgrace the story would bring—the horrible falsehoods that he might be able to make appear as true as the rest. I have not told you half—I can't—you shall read it; but that is the bare story."

"Poor Leonie!"

"The people of St. Josephs believed that I had gone off with him—I was crazy to run away. That woman at whose house I stayed is dead—her husband had been absent and only got back at daylight—there was nobody to give witness for me. Don't you see that I dared do nothing—that I could only live on, trying to keep him quiet, waiting for ruin to overtake me some day, for I knew that my own relations would desert me first of all."

"I am sure the marriage could not have held; you should have made inquiries."

"I did try to find out; I described a parallel case once to Mr. O'Sullivan—he thought it could not hold, but I was no better off. Don't you see what Yates's story would have been, how I should have made gossip for the newspapers, been laughed at, scorned? O, heaven, I wonder that I never went mad!"

"But you are safe now—safe!"

"I don't know," she answered drearily.

"He will never dare to come back—I could arrest him for trying to murder me."

"But he may make the whole story known."

"It can do no harm—not the least. O, Leonie, why didn't you tell me long ago?"

"If I only had! I was so weak—so wicked! I have been such a vain, idiotic creature, so fond of my little position and the world's flatteries. Sometimes—I want you to know just how wicked I was—I used to feel inclined to accept one of my rich offers—to make terms with Yates by sacrificing my own fortune—have my life free from him at all events; but I could not."

"You must have been ready to do anything and grasp at any means of release, my poor Leonie."

"I was; but now you can forgive my harm I have done you?"

"You have been the blessing of my life! But how hard I have been to you; if I had only known—if I had only known!"

"How could I tell that even you would believe me? I was such a blind, proud thing, I could not bear to be pitied. Why, sometimes I have thought, much as I hated him, that I could better endure to accept him as my husband than to have anybody know the truth and be laughed at or sympathized with."

It was all told; the poor story that might have been made so dramatic and sensational, tame as it sounded in ordinary words, but Lesley could take in the full blight and desolation it had brought upon her life.

The time came when he read in the journal she had kept, the record of the dismal days, growing into weeks, months, each moment darkened by the dread that before the sun set her tormentor might appear. Lying on her bed at night and thinking that perhaps when morning came and she went down stairs, she would find whoever chanced to be in the house with her, reading her history, distorted and falsified, in some coarsely worded newspaper paragraph.

Lesley understood it all; he knew her so well that he could enter into every feeling, and from his own impatience he could especially sympathize with the intolerable sense of slavery which had been harder than the most violent and horrible death.

He read there, too, the full confession of her love for himself—her agony of remorse at feeling she must bring such trouble upon him—he had the entire revelation of her woman's heart and could honor her as she deserved.

"You have suffered so," he said over and over, when she ceased speaking; "you have suffered so."

"I deserved it," she answered; "I deserved it every *bit!* I believe it has made me a better woman of late; I have tried to accept it in a right spirit, to feel that it was a discipline I had brought upon myself, which might some day be removed if I would cease to rebel and cry out that there was no mercy either in heaven or earth."

"My brave, noble Leonie!"

"Don't praise me—I can't bear that; I have so utterly loathed myself for the trouble I brought on you. I knew that if losing all faith in humanity through me, you became reckless, as so many men would, it would be all my fault."

"You are mistaken," returned he. "No man has a right to make his weakness of character an excuse for going wrong; I never should have been mean enough to blame you. Besides, under all my anger, my vague suspicions, I always felt that you were good and true; no matter how often I swore never to come near you again, I could not keep my vow."

"And when that last blow came," continued Leonie, shrinking from the recollection; "that last fearful night—"

"Hush, hush!" he interrupted more lightly; "that is all over. I am sure the fellow has rid us of his presence very easily; his shot did not go deep, and it is the only trouble he can ever give you."

"Or, what would be harder, you through me. I don't seem to mind now; he might do his worst where others are concerned—you believe me—"

"Believe you?" He raised himself on his pillow; his face brightened with such love and faith that Leonie's eyes sank timidly under his. But with a thoughtfulness that he had too little practised in the course of his wayward life, he felt that it would be selfish and cruel to disturb her now with protestations of affection; she could not yet realize that she was free from her persecutor, and the words would trouble her still. "You know that I believe," he added, laying his head back on his pillow with a deep breath of relief. "Leonie, I am happier than I ever was in my whole life."

The tears rose to her eyes, but did not fall.

"If I deserved repayment for my suffering those words would be ample," she replied. "And you will soon be well now."

"Bless me, yes! I think the hand I hurt on the mountain aches worse than our friend's pistol shot. I shall be up and ready to go away before your patience is quite worn out."

"You know that cannot be," she said; "you know how grateful I am that I am allowed to do anything for you."

"Indeed I do," he answered. "And I—O Leonie, I am grateful too—do believe that."

"I know you are, Mark."

"And Leonie—"

"No," she interrupted, smiling; "we are not going to talk seriously any more at present—I shall have the doctor reproaching me for making his patient worse."

"Why, it is new life to me, Leonie, to get at the bottom of these mysteries—to have them all cleared—I can rest now."

"Then prove it by trying to go to sleep, while I sit here and read to you, else," she added playfully, "I shall be scolded and pronounced unfit for a nurse."

"How kind Sims has been," said Lesley. "As for little Milly Crofton, she is a duck, and the others have been very good."

"Oh yes! After all, Mark, when we thought ourselves so superior because nothing interested us and people appeared so commonplace, I am afraid it was only that we were too frozen and selfish to be on the level of human sympathy, instead of raised above its pettiness, as we fancied."

"Very likely, my pretty preacher," Lesley said, raising her hand to his lips; "very likely. How different life looks now, Leonie—I believe I like everybody."

"Try and preserve that amiable mood," she said smiling, wishing to get him away from serious reflections, lest the excitement produced by her painful story should do him harm.

"I mean to," he answered earnestly.

"Now you must let me read to you," she urged, "else I shall have to go away and send the old nurse to sit by you."

"Don't go—I can't bear you out of my sight! I feel as if you were gone never to come back! I'll not talk—I'll lie quiet—but don't go, Leonie."

She took up her book again and he was glad to be still, for his heart was too near his lips for him to converse easily. He lay there and watched her face as she read aloud, and was thankful to see how, in spite of its pallor, it had lost the pre-occupied, troubled expression that saddened its beauty in the old time. Though Leonie had no thought of the future—did not fully comprehend the freedom which had reached her—Mark knew that all coming existence would lead into far other paths than the course of the miserable past, and could be at peace under that knowledge.

So the afternoon glided quietly away, and the doctor pronounced that his patient was going so rapidly forward to recovery that he would soon be out of his power, and Milly jested, and they were all very content and happy.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

At the end of the week Lesley was able to fulfil the surgeon's promise; he could walk about the house leaning on Leonie's arm—could sit with her on the veranda, in the pleasant autumn sunshine, and feel life come back to his tried heart, with the whole world so brightened by his new peace, that it seemed transformed.

After that day he had not troubled her by any talk of the future, but now, as he was growing strong enough to travel, and Mrs. Gresham began to talk of the necessity there was for her taking Milly away, and Mrs. Fanshawe showed plainly that she considered it proper for herself and Leonie to go too, Lesley felt that he could no longer be silent.

Fate aided him, as she does sometimes help us in this world, hard-hearted old dame though she may be. He was sitting on the veranda late one afternoon reading a New York journal. Leonie had been called into the house for something, but presently she came out, saying,

"You forgetful boy, don't you know that it is almost sunset—you must not sit here any longer."

He made no reply to her words, calling in a grave voice—"Come here, Leonie."

She hurried toward him struck by his tone. As she bent over him he passed one arm about her waist, and lifted the newspaper so that she could read the paragraph to which he pointed.

It was an account of a ship that had foundered and gone down on its way to California; second in the list of the passengers who were lost was the name—Philip Yates.

She read it in silence, then hid her face in her hands, but Lesley tenderly drew her toward him and made her head rest upon his heart, while she wept a few quiet tears of thankfulness for the life that had been given back to her, and out of her great womanly kindness breathed a prayer for the erring soul that had so suddenly been called to its account.

Very few words passed between them then, even of the gratitude they felt for Leonie's escape; but that evening as they sat alone in the parlor, where they had been left by a little skillful management on Milly's part, Lesley began to plead for his happiness.

"You have told me that you love me, Leonie," he said, when she shrank with the timidity of a girl from his passionate words; "you are not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she asked in a voice in which her full heart found utterance.

"And you do care for me? Oh, say it once more—Leonie, you love me!"

"I do love you, Mark—I am not ashamed—I am proud to own it—I love you with my whole heart and soul."

He folded her in his arms with a burst of tender words that carried her into a new world. After a time he could think sufficiently to follow up his success while she was in a mood to be obedient.

"Why should we wait?" he asked. "We have no one's permission to obtain—those dear people with us we care more for than anybody else, and they will be so glad to know that all is settled."

"We will tell them," Leonie answered; "there need be no secret."

"Yes—tell them that we are to be married at once."

"Oh Mark!" she exclaimed, half laughing, half crying at his impetuous method of arranging matters.

"Why not, darling? We don't care for a crowd—we should not want anybody but these friends present—"

"No, no."

"Certainly you are not beset by the idea that you must have as many dresses as a Turkish bride?" continued he laughing.

"You know I am not so silly," she replied. "But such haste!"

"My darling, I thought I had waited a long time."

His voice trembled with emotion; Leonie could only think of him and the fear that he might be pained.

"When you will," she whispered; "settle it with Mrs. Fanshawe—I'll not say another word."

She tried to slip out of his arms, but she was not allowed to go till he had told her over and over the story of his devotion, and made her repeat the dear assurances that always sounded sweeter in his ear.

The end of the consultation was that Leonie ran off to find Milly and cry a little, and Mrs. Fanshawe was summoned from her task of getting ready for bed, had to dress herself and go down stairs, and absolutely kissed Lesley in her delight, and was rather more insane in spite of propriety than anybody else.

So the next day but one they were married in the quiet village church, and went away to spend a month by themselves in Lesley's hermitage among the Catskills, and so the romance, the mystery, the pain faded forever out of their lives and left them standing together amid the brightness of a new day which should never pale or grow dim.

There came only one more reminder of the dark tragedy through which they had passed. It was soon after their arrival at the Hermitage, Mark picked up a New York paper and read a brief paragraph that gave the closing scene of Paul Andrews' wasted life—he had committed suicide.

That very evening there came a little package for Leonie in a sealed envelope; inside was every paper of her writing that Philip Yates had been possessed of, and a brief letter from Paul Andrews—his last act before the crowning insanity that ended his miserable existence.

"I have just learned where to send these," he wrote. "You are married—I would say God bless you both, if I dared. I did not forget my promise; I watched Yates. He got away from me the night he shot Mark. I would have had him arrested, but when I found that Mark was to live, I thought it better not. I let him go away—he can never trouble you again—and as the price of his release I made him write a full declaration of his treachery and give up these letters.

"This is the last time you will ever either of you be troubled with Paul Andrews. I have done with this world—I ought to have made up my mind to it a great while ago—never mind.

"There, now I am going to seal this and send it to the post; in doing that, I end my part here—maybe, if there is a possibility of forgiveness for such as me, it may be remembered that I at least tried to serve one human being—farewell."

So it ended, the poor, blighted, distorted life! We have no right to follow him further with our erring human judgment—the rest is in God's hands—at least,

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

There were two hearts to give him pity and kindly recollection out of the great happiness that had descended upon their lives.

"There was so much that was good in him," Mark said; "poor Paul Andrews."

Leonie repeated the pitiful words as she leaned her head on her husband's breast, with tears of thanksgiving for the new morning that had dawned about their way.

"Now we have done with the past forever, my wife," Mark said tenderly.

"Only to be grateful, dear!"

"Always that—we shall not forget."

The papers were consigned to the flames, and as they watched them burn they murmured with involuntary sympathy of thought—

"God have mercy on Paul Andrews' soul!"

"On both—his too," Leonie added softly.

"On both," returned Mark solemnly. "And we have learned by our experience that He is merciful beyond all that man can dream."

"Very merciful! Oh, Mark, this peace, this rest."

"Never to be broken, dear, for whatever came we should not again forget that we are in our Father's hands—we should be able to remember that we had had this happiness."

Leonie clung to him in silence, and the sorely tried hearts beat in a mingled throb of gratitude and joy.

Milly and her aunt went back to their home, and Mrs. Fanshawe accompanied them for a brief visit before returning to town.

Milly was in no haste to leave the quiet of the country, and as Maud was yet amicably established with Adelaide, Mrs. Gresham was willing to yield to her wishes, so the beautiful golden days of November found them still there.

One glorious afternoon Milly had been out among the hills, and toward sunset she retraced her steps; reaching the pine grove above the cottage, she sat down on a rustic bench to watch the crimson and white clouds sweep up the west. Sitting there in the gathering brightness, Milly's thoughts unconsciously went back to the old time and the brief season of happiness that had made her youth so beautiful—thinking sadly, as she seldom now allowed herself to do, of all that might have been, of the fulfillment of hope which might have reached her had she been more patient and content to leave her destiny in higher hands.

Milly had learned to be content—satisfied to pluck the little flowers that grow up in our daily paths, and yield so much quiet pleasure, if we only pause to regard them instead of staring away off into the future and the unattainable, while we crush the humble blossoms under our restless feet. Milly knew that with no great love to heighten existence, her life regarded by itself must look a little faded, a little solitary, but she was trying not to live for herself and to dignify selfishness by some poetical name, therefore she was able to endure the lack of warmth and coloring, and look bravely forward toward the future and the appointed way.

And while she thought and sternly told her heart that she had a great deal to be thankful for, some one came quickly up the hill from the cottage—and when Milly raised her eyes at the sound of footsteps, Walter Thorman stood before her, his hands stretched out in eager welcome, his voice calling—

"Milly, Milly!"

She could not rise nor speak; the meeting was so unexpected that she could hardly believe his presence real.

"Won't you speak to me, Milly—won't you say at least you are glad to see me?"

He caught both her hands and held them fast, while he poured out the story of his contrition and suffering.

"I have come to ask your pardon, Milly—will you grant it to me? As soon as we were parted, I saw how blind and mad I had been! I did think you a child, Milly—but I loved you with all my heart. I could see how my man's arrogance had made me hard and cruel—I knew that I was in the wrong; I longed so for your forgiveness; shall I have it, Milly?"

"If you felt so, think what my feelings have been," Milly answered, when she could speak. "I have learned how falsely I suspected you—how wicked I was; oh, you never can forgive that."

"Leonie Dormer wrote me the whole story, Milly; I don't wonder you doubted me! You were not to blame; it was all my fault; my selfishness that made the whole trouble! Can you forgive me, Milly?"

"As entirely as you have forgiven me."

"Can you love me, Milly?" he urged. "Can you trust me with your heart again?"

She turned her face away—but her voice was steady, almost solemn, as she answered—

"It has always been yours, Walter—I know that now."

And Thorman was clasping her in his arms, straining her to his heart, and raining kisses upon her cheek and lips.

It was the old, old story that is always beautiful, always new—the story of love and reconciliation, the true love that knows upon what it is built, and has learned to treasure its blessings aright.

"To think that I have wasted so many months of our lives," Thorman said, after they had talked deep into the sunset. "We might have been happy all this dismal season that seems a century to look back upon."

Milly shook her head and smiled.

"No, Walter, we should not have been happy—the trouble must have come. We began wrong; I was too ignorant, too undisciplined for happiness."

But he could only see his own error and lament his own blindness and folly.

"I think I am humbled now, Milly; I know that all that is purest and best in my life must come from you—that all my great joys must depend upon you—every care be lightened by your sympathy! I know that I am honored by your love; the only reason I can believe there is any good left in me, is, because you are able to care for me."

"Oh, Walter!"

Milly's voice was so sweet as she uttered the name, that he had not heard spoken since he left her to wander among careless strangers, Milly's eyes so beautiful as she raised them to his face with her whole soul shining from their depths, that he could only fold her to his heart again and let the world drift out of sight, leaving them alone in their glorified Eden—just them alone."

Early in the winter they were married—there is nothing more to tell.

Mrs. Gresham rested on her laurels like a victorious general; Adelaide Ramsay was there looking like a peripatetic jewelry shop; Hortense talking right and left to whoever would listen, about some wonderful German theory in regard to a man's having two or three separate souls; and Miss Maud came out in high feather as the betrothed of Charley Wylde. Charley looked quite happy, too—it was easy to predict that he would go comfortably on toward a corpulent middle age, submitting easily to Maud's rule, caring less and less about Tennyson, and entirely forgetting the troubles of his inner nature in the attractions of good dinners, and such other sweeteners of time as life offered.

Mark Lesley and his wife were there, radiant in their happiness—and it seemed to Leonie, as she stood leaning on her husband's arm and watched Milly's bright face, that the last memory of the galling yoke which had troubled her soul in the past, slipped away, and was buried in the oblivion which belonged to that vanished season.

THE END.

☞ A tombstone in the city cemetery at Bridgeport, covering the remains of a boy who was thrown down stairs by a woman and killed several years ago, is reported by a local paper constantly overcast by a shadow, supposed to be that of this woman. It is said that hundreds have witnessed the phenomenon and vouch for its truth. Very doubtful.

☞ Secretary Boutwell received the other day, from the West, a curious letter. The writer said he was the father of triplets, and somebody had told him there was a fund set apart out of which was given a bounty to parents having such a run of luck. He said he had two children besides, and as his means were not large, if there was such a fund he hoped the Secretary would put him in the way of receiving the benefit of it. To confirm and establish the truth of the story, photographs of three born at a birth were attached to the letter. He was informed that although some governments had made such provisions for the unfortunate, it had thus far escaped the attention of our lawmakers.

☞ An Iowa woman was treated for the chills with fourteen kinds of medicine in one day. She will never shake again, and the "doctor" has absconded.

☞ St. Louis drinks daily six thousand gallons of lager. Should she not leave the Saint off her name, and call herself simply Louis?

☞ The chief of the tonnage division of the Treasury Department has prepared an illustrated chart, representing the foreign commerce of the twenty principal nations of the globe. The percentage of Great Britain is one-third the entire amount; (pretty well for "a decaying" Power.) France is about one-fifth, and the United States one-ninth.

☞ The question is propounded by a youngster whether, when gold gets to par, it won't go to me.

### Old Worn-out Boots as Food.

Throwing an old shoe after a newly married couple will have a new application hereafter. It will be not only an emblem of good luck, but a substantial present. It should be publicly known that it is sheer waste to pitch old boots and shoes into the street as useless and of no value. They should be reserved for nobler uses and made to contribute to the delectation of the palate. That this can be done was illustrated by a chemist a few evenings since, at a meeting of the New York Liberal Club. He exhibited, for the information and examination of the members, a pudding, or rather a jelly, made out of an old boot. The mate of the boot of which the jelly was made stood alongside of the dish, and proved to be a veritable odd fellow, who bore the marks and scars of a long and useful life. Subsequently, the learned gentleman explained the process of the manufacture, which we reproduce as a matter of interest to housekeepers generally. "Skins," said the professor, "are nothing but a gelatine; but after they are exposed to the action of tannin they become leather, and is that condition insoluble. If, however, the leather of a boot is put into a close vessel with lime and water, where it can be subjected to the pressure from the steam of about two atmospheres, the tannin unites with the lime, and the leather is resolved back into its original gelatine, and can then be cast into a mould and served up at the table." The jelly was molasses-colored and tremulous, and looked like incipient glue. Several tasted it, and spittoons were at once demanded. We may soon expect to see this new dish on the bill of fare of our restaurants and hotels as "boot-jelly." Then there will probably be regular seasons for this delicacy—seasons when it is the most fragrant—as after a hot summer, for instance, or from an importation of old Southern plantation shoes, or from butchers, stable men, &c. If the price of old boots should be so much advanced by this discovery as to go far toward paying for a new pair, how the boot and shoe trade would look up!—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

### The "No" Power.

The ability to say *no* in life is so valuable that it might be truly called the safe side of one's character. It is an almost sure sign of a strong mind and a sound heart. That queer clerical wit and editor, Sidney Smith, who could be sensible in spite of his fun, wrote the following very grave paragraph on the power of "no" in young men:

"The purity of moral habits is, I am afraid, of very little use to a man unless it is accompanied by that degree of firmness which enables him to act up to what he may think right in spite of solicitations to the contrary. Very few young men have the power of negation in any degree at first. It increases with the increase of confidence, and with the experience of those inconveniences which result from the absence of this virtue. Every young man must be exposed to temptation; he can never learn the ways of men without being witness to their vices. If you attempt to preserve him from danger by keeping him out of the way of it, you render him quite unfit for any style of life in which he may be placed. The great point is, not to turn him out too soon, and to give him a pilot at first."

☞ A cheerful savant has discovered that mosquitoes are a beneficent providential guard against disease. In summer the human system is peculiarly liable to fever, he says, and this tendency is effectually counteracted by the depletion of blood and the counter irritation resulting from the insect's operation.

☞ The Legislatures of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Georgia, and Louisiana, convened and organized on Jan. 3d at their respective state capitals.

☞ He is our friend who helps us to one new thought, or who inspires us to one noble action.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher's church has a total membership of 1,963, of which number 1,210 are women.

☞ Relative beauty—A pretty cousin.

☞ At the north pole, go whatever way you will, you go due south; and at the utmost height of joy you can move only toward sorrow.

☞ A letter from an officer at the German headquarters has been published in London. It states that the project of a war upon Great Britain was planned out as exactly as that of a war against France, long before the present struggle began. Doubtful.

☞ San Francisco has had four hundred and thirty-seven Mongolian and twenty Indian children in its public schools during the past year.

☞ New York city has 6,000 liquor shops.

☞ Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, or with a slanderous report, which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher moral atmosphere.

☞ A young writer once asked Douglas Jerrold at a dinner party, "Don't you think I have something of Goldsmith in my style?" "Yes," answered Douglas the terrible; "not so much of the gold, but a good deal of the smith."

☞ The thermometer in New Mexico, last week, ranged from 8 to 20 deg. below zero.

☞ DOING HIS PART.—A young doctor in a new settlement, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly replied that if he filled it he thought he should do his part.

☞ A Chinese doctor in San Francisco said to his patient—"I think you too much dance, too much eat, too much fool round. If you dance, you no get better; too much eating no good; too much fooling round no good. Good-by."

☞ Mark Twain thus prescribes for an aspirant for literary fame: "Young author; yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it does make brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales is all that you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling whales."

☞ From the invaded districts of France there comes a loud cry of suffering by both armies, owing to the extremely cold weather. Hundreds of French as well as German soldiers have been frozen to death.

### A Lucky Prediction.

Drake, in his memoir of Tecumseh, gives this anecdote:

On his return from Florida, Tecumseh went among the Creeks in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa river, he made his way to the lodge of the chief called the Big Warrior. He explained his object, delivered his war talk, presented a bundle of sticks, gave a piece of wampum and a hatchet; all of which the Big Warrior took. Then Tecumseh, reading the intentions and spirit of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger toward his face, said: "Your blood is white; you have taken my talk, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason; you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me, you shall know; I leave Tuckhabatchee directly, and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity should befall them. They met often and talked over this matter, and counted the days carefully, to know the time when Tecumseh would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon as the period of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses, the earth began to shake; when at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumseh has got to Detroit!" The effect was electrical. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war. The reader will not be surprised to learn that the earthquake produced all this; but he will be, of course, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumseh arrived at Detroit, and that it was an exact fulfillment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid.

### Extinct Families.

What has become of the children of all the extinct royal houses? If we suppose—which is not very unreasonable—two children to every man, we get a geometrical progression in the number of their descendants. Taking the Carlovingian dynasty, for example, which got sent about their private business in the year 987, the last two sons found an asylum in Germany. Each of these may have been the father of thirty generations; and there might be now, had not wars and famine interposed, upward of a thousand millions—as any one may calculate—of lineal descendants of the last Carlovingian king. In other words, under peaceful conditions, it would take a single pair only thirty-one generations, or less than a thousand years, to people the whole world as it is now peopled. Of course, all these calculations are upset by war, famine, pestilence, and ignorance of hygiene. Still, with all deductions, is it not obvious that the blood of any given man must, after many generations, be flowing in the veins of millions of people? Another way to look at it is Southey's. He said, humorously, that since every man has two progenitors, four grand progenitors, eight *atavi*, sixteen *abavi*, and so forth, he himself must have had, in the reign of King John, all England for his ancestors at the time. As a matter of fact, from Southey to King John there were twenty generations, which give a million as the number of his ancestors at the time, or about a third of the whole population of King John's England. It is, however, quite obvious that, while the blood of the two Carlovingian princes may possibly be found in every German soldier now before Paris, it takes an immense number of ancestors, even correcting for kinship, to make one man, after twenty generations or so. And it is a consolatory reflection to those who unfortunately have forgotten their own grandfathers, that, among all their countless ancestors, some, at least, must have been kings; and among their countless descendants some, at least, will be known to the world. How pleasant, after spending a lifetime in searching among mute, inglorious village registers, to find yourself descended from a brother of Shakspeare, or a cousin of Milton, or one of the many children, say, of Charles II.! And, quoting your own case, how it would fortify your belief in the hereditary nature of genius!

### GOOD NATURE.

As welcome as sunshine
In every place
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face.

As genial as sunshine,
Like warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word
From a good-natured heart.

☞ Massachusetts is said to spend more money for playing-cards than any other state. What would the Puritan fathers say to that?

☞ The Medical Record records the somewhat remarkable fact that, of the 97,832 soldiers who were wounded during the late war, only four cases of gunshot wound of the heart were reported.

☞ The greatest effort of friendship is not to bear or overlook the faults of our friends, but to pardon the superiority of their talents.

☞ Brook, in Holland, is the cleanest town in the world. No horse or carriage has ever been permitted to enter it, and everything is kept with most scrupulous neatness. Before entering many of the houses you are required to remove your shoes.

☞ Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.—*Emerson.*

☞ It is generally thought that London is the largest city in the world, but the belief is erroneous; Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of one million dwellings, and five million human souls.

☞ A Suggestive Present.—Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. A very sentimental poet present vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother.

"Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto—'When this you see, remember me.'"

### Bird's-Nest Soup.

The bird's-nest soup in which our Chinese brethren are sometimes indignantly charged with indulging, is by no means a shocking or disgusting thing. Outside barbarians who have tasted it pronounce it delicious. The nests, says a recent writer, from whom we glean the present facts, are simply a mass of pure gelatine, secreted in some way by a species of swallow, and deposited against a wall, just as the swallows in our country stick a nest of mud against a beam. It closely resembles the gelatine which is known by the name of isinglass, and the purer sort is almost transparent. There is nothing repulsive in its appearance, and its origin is just as honorable and commendatory as that from which our jellies are made at home; we may safely consider it more so. The nests come chiefly from the island of Java.

Now, when war and threatenings of war are rife beyond the Atlantic, is the harvest time of American gun makers. Nearly all the European nations—Turkey, Egypt, Russia, France (and Prussia through France,) and even England—are buying our small arms. There are no small arms in Europe equal to our Colt's and Smith & Wesson's pistols, our Spencer and Winchester rifles, our Remington and Springfield breech-loaders; and now the Gatling gun—the American mitrailleuse—has been so improved as to be superior to anything of the kind abroad. No less than four hundred of these terrible destructive arms have been ordered by the English Government, and are now being made at the Colt Works in Hartford.

In a little informal speech to a number of his friends at a supper party, the other evening, in London, Mr. Thomas Hughes alluded, in terms that help us to see ourselves as others see us, to an American peculiarity which struck him during his recent visit to the United States. "On crossing the Canadian border he was conscious of being among a new people, of which the first peculiarity which struck him was their being remarkably silent. He endeavored to talk at once, but, though he found the Americans exceedingly courteous and civil, he at the same time found it extremely difficult to open up any conversation with them. All over the states, contrary to his impression, he had found them a remarkably self-contained, serious, and almost sad people." We think this is the exact truth.

☞ People in Alexandria, Minn., claim that the thermometer there on Friday morning, Dec. 23, marked 39 degrees below zero.

☞ At a lecture in Liverpool, Dr. Wm. Hitchman triumphantly asked:—"Where is the religiosity of the anthropoid quadrumana?" And the question still remains unanswered.

☞ Fur Slippers.—Ladies are wearing very pretty fur slippers, the toes being made in imitation of the head of the animal. How often now will we quote the lines:—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peep in and out?"

☞ The New York Evening Post thinks that "How to govern great cities is a problem to the solution of which the best statesmanship of the times might well set itself."

☞ Believe one half the ill one person speaks of another; but credit twice the good.

☞ The Independent indignantly complains of the fashion of a certain class of hobbyists "to lug into a Sunday-school convention at the last moment some outside question which should have the most careful and thoughtful attention before action, and to rush through a vote on their side." It instances a resolution put through at the recent session of the New Jersey Convention, in favor of a law to compel the attendance at school of every child between the ages of 6 and 16, and observes that "the question of compulsory education is a very difficult one, not to be settled by *ad captandum* appeals to prejudice and feeling," and that "of course such action should have no weight at all."

☞ The New York lady correspondent of the St. Louis Republican goes into ecstacies over a flounce 18 inches deep, a barthe and a handkerchief of the richest old point, for which the price is $2,600. The pattern is a wilderness of roses and buds and leaves. These seem to lay upon the beautiful ground work; the petals of the roses fold each over the other. But when breathed upon, the whole flower lifts from the lace and the leaves stir for an instant and then settle into their places again. It is a wonderful piece of lace.

☞ A five-year old boy in Princeton, Ill., fell head first down a fifty foot well, the other day, into five feet of water, but was unhurt, and clinging to the stones at the side, held on till rescued.

☞ Naples this year has not been as fortunate in its climate as Philadelphia. On December 1, its weather was like July; two days afterwards there was a heavy frost, and then a deep fall of snow.

☞ The "Vigilantes" have not yet finished their work in California. Recently three hundred men of Los Angelos assembled in a hall, chose a president, and entered into discussion of the case of Miguel Lachenia, who, on the previous Wednesday, killed one Jacob Bell. They came to a unanimous decision, and at 11 o'clock went to the jail, battered in the doors, and took the prisoner out and hung him in a corral. The prisoner confessed his guilt in a speech he made at the foot of the gallows. The sheriff made all proper resistance, but it was useless.


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## WIT AND HUMOR.

### Hints to Farmers.

Now that winter is approaching, it would perhaps be as well to discontinue haying, and turn your attention to getting in your fall saw-logs. No farmer can consider his fall work completed until he has his cellar well filled with saw-logs. Seated around the blazing hearth of a winter's night, there is no fruit more delicious.

A correspondent asks us what we think of late ploughing. Ploughing should not be continued later than ten or eleven o'clock at night. It gets the horses in the habit of staying out late, and unduly exposes the plough. We have known ploughs to acquire springhalt and inflammatory rheumatism from late ploughing. Don't do it.

To another correspondent who wants us to suggest a good drain on a farm, we would say a heavy ten per cent. mortgage will drain it about as rapidly as anything we know of.

When you make cider, select nothing but the soundest turnips, chopping them into sled length before cradling them. In boiling your cider use plenty of ice, and when boiled hang it up in the sun to dry.

A pickaxe should never be used in picking apples. It has a tendency to break down the vines and damage the hive.

In cutting down hemlock trees for canning, select only the largest. Don't throw away the chips, as they make fine parlor ornaments, encased in rustic frames of salt and vinegar.

The coming cold weather should suggest to the humane farmer the necessity for a good cow shed. The following is a receipt for making a good cow shed:—Pour a pailful of boiling hot water on her back, and if that don't make a good cow shed—her hair—we are no prophet, to anybody.

Now is the time for planting your winter hay. The pink-eyed Southdown is probably the best variety, as it don't need pulling and begins to lay early.—*Fat Contributor.*

### Mark Twain's Nag.

I have a horse by the name of Jericho. He is a mare. I have seen remarkable horses before, but none so remarkable as this. I wanted a horse that would shy, and this fills the bill. I had an idea that shying indicated spirit. If it is correct, I have the most spirited horse on earth. He shies at everything he comes to with the utmost partiality. He seems to have a mortal dread of telegraph poles, especially; and it is fortunate that these are on both sides of the road, because as it is now I never fall off twice in succession on the same side. If I fell on the same side it would get monotonous after awhile. He shied at everything he has seen to-day, except a haystack—he walked up to that with an intrepidity that was astonishing.

And it would fill any one with admiration to see how he preserved his self-possession in the presence of a barley sack. This dare-devil bravery will be the death of this horse some day. He is not particularly fast, but I think he will get me through the Holy Land. He has only one fault. His tail has been chopped off, or else he has set down too hard on it some time or other, and he has to fight flies with his heels. This is very well, but when he tries to kick a fly off the top of his head with his hind feet, it is too much of a variety. He is going to get himself into trouble that way some day. He reaches around and bites my leg, too. I do not care particularly about this, only I do not like to see a horse too sociable.

### "Trying to the Baste."

A Hibernian, fresh from the "old sod," having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter a kind he probably never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by, and deposit them in a gully on the side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the boss told him that was not the way, he must tilt or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better the next time. After loading again he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the horse, cart and all, into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtfully at his horse below him, he observed:—"Bedad, it's a mighty quick way, but it must be trying to the baste."

### He Felt Good.

"Fellow trabblers," said a "culled preacher, "ef I had been a stin' dried apples for a week, an' den took to drinkin' for a moaf, I coodn't feel more swell'd up dan I am dis minnit wid pride and vanity at seein' sich full 'tendance har dis evenin'; an' when I reflect dat it am rite in de white-washin' season, when de bruddern am seen a gwaain round de streets a-lookin' like ole Gypsum mummies preserved in lime, an' de sisters are up to dar ankels in the scrubbin' time, my heart yerns towards you like a piece of India rubber nie a hot stobe, an' I feel dat I hab an affickshun for you that nuffin' can estrange, or syringe, I forget now which; but one am just de same as todder."

### What He Knew About Overcoats.

A ludicrous incident happened at a Hanover street auction store the other evening. The auctioneer, like all auctioneers, is inclined to joking. On putting up an overcoat and asking for a bid, a seedy-looking Irishman ventured a dollar as a start. The auctioneer, disgusted at the smallness of the bid, turned to the Irishman, and said, "You go along. What do you know about overcoats? You have just got out of the almshouse." "Yis," replied the Irishman, "and I had a better coat than that over there."

MARK TWAIN'S ADVICE TO LITTLE GIRLS.—Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offence. This retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravated circumstances. If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it. You ought never to take your little brother's chewing gum away from him by main force; it is better to rope him in with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life, he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.

PERILOUS POSITION OF PROFESSOR DAREALL, WHO WENT SOUTH TO STUDY THE HABITS OF THE ALLIGATOR.

### She "Didn't Begin So Far Back."

On a certain occasion a discussion sprang up about eleventh-hour salvation and death-bed repentance, when one eccentric lady declared that for her part, if she could know of her approaching dissolution soon enough to say, "Lord, Lord," she was sure of salvation, basing her faith on the Scripture promise, "All that say unto me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom." "Why," said her friend, "the passage reads, '*Not* all that say unto me.'" "Ah, well," said the other, "I didn't begin so far back as that."

RATHER FORGETFUL.—Mr. Spriggins is a little forgetful sometimes. He counted his children the other night, but could only make fourteen.

"How is this?" he asked his wife; "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census?"

"So there were," answered the wife; "but little Sammy was drowned since then."

"Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, it seems to me I heard of that at the time."

### THE HEART'S MUSIC.

The bird that to the evening sings
  Leaves music when her song is ended;
A sweetness left—which takes not wings—
  But with each pulse of eve is blended;
Thus life involves a double light,
  Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight
  Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower
  Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it;
And sweetness closes, like a flower
  That shuts itself from tones that grieve it;
Thus life involves a double joy,
  Or double gloom, for each hath brothers;
The heart that makes its own annoy
  Makes also an annoy for others.

### Bathing as Conducive to Health.

The question, "How often should the body of persons in health be bathed?" is an important one, and great difference of opinion exists with regard to it. There is no doubt, however, that bathing, like all other good things, may be abused, and the good we seek from it changed into evil. Many people have been injured by too frequent bathing. As a rule, we regard once a week as often enough for all purposes of cleanliness in persons of sedentary habits, and once in two weeks for those who are engaged in more active indoor pursuits. For those who are at work in the open air, like farmers and some mechanics, the health does not seem to suffer if bathing is resorted to only at quite long intervals, or not oftener than once or twice during the year. A frequent change of the inner garments is of the highest consequence to all persons, and also the thorough airing and changing of bed-clothing. Consider, in the light of the facts we have stated, how uncleanly and injurious is the habit of wearing flannel or under-clothing for several consecutive weeks without washing, as very many do. Seven pints of impure liquid, in the form of vapor, pass into the clothing every week from the skin, and half a pound of solid matter accompanies it. Much of this becomes entangled in the fabric, and remains there, a source of impurity, until removed by the labors of the laundress.

Regular bathing, so far as the people of this country are concerned, is certainly a habit of quite modern adoption. The fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, of those who have reached middle life seldom or never bathed, except in the warm months of summer. Their dwellings afforded no conveniences for the act, if they felt the need of performing it. As a general thing, the health was unaffected by this omission. Why was this? Because of their occupations and their methods of living. They were active workers, they wore but a small amount of clothing, they lived much in the open air, and their dwellings were without stove and furnace heat. If any one in these days will exercise in the open air, so that each day he will perspire moderately, and if he will wear thin under-garments or none at all, and sleep in a cold room, the functions of the skin will suffer little or no impediment if water is withheld for months. Indeed, bathing is not the only way in which its healthful action can be maintained by those living under the conditions at present existing. Dry friction over the whole surface of the body, once a day, or once in two days, is often of more service than the application of water. The reply of the centenarian to the inquiry, to what habit of life he attributed his good health and extreme longevity, that he believed it due to "rubbing himself all over with a *cob* every night," is significant of an important truth.

If invalids and persons of low vitality would use dry friction and Dr. Franklin's "air-bath" every day for a considerable period, we are confident they would often be greatly benefited.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

☞ Forty-eight out of the eighty-three applications at West Point were rejected because they could not spell correctly.

### A New Zealander's Desire to be Eaten.

"I've been among the New Zealanders," quoth Jack, "and there they use each other for fresh grub as regular as boiled duff in a man-of-war's mess. They used to eat their fathers and mothers when they got too old to take care of themselves; but now they've got to be more civilized, and so they only eat rickety children and slaves, and enemies taken in battle." "A decided instance of the progress of improvement and march of mind," said I. "Well," replied Jack, "but it's a bad thing for the old folks. They don't take to the new fashion—they are in favor of the good old custom. I never seed the thing myself, but Bill Brown, a messmate of mine once, told me, that when he was at the Bay of Islands, he seed a great many poor old souls going about with tears in their eyes, trying to get somebody to eat them. One of them came off to the ship, and told them that he couldn't find rest in the stomachs of any of his kindred, and wanted to know if the crew wouldn't take him in. The skipper told him he was on monstrous short allowance, but he couldn't accommodate him. The poor old fellow, Bill said, looked as though his heart would break. There were plenty of sharks around the ship, and the skipper advised him to jump overboard; but he couldn't bear the idea of being eaten raw."

### Left-handedness.

Many parents try to cure their children of left-handedness by using severe measures, such as whipping, or obliging the child to go for weeks with the left hand tied to the body. Some even go so far as to make it a matter of special shaming and mortification. These should never be tried until a patient trial of pleasanter measures has failed. Left-handedness certainly produces an awkward effect, but it is not one of the cardinal sins. If a child can be taught to write with her right hand, to use her knife, fork, and spoon properly, raise her glass, and offer the right hand in salutation, it is by no means necessary to cure her of using the left hand occasionally. In many cases, to be ambidextrous is invaluable to women. All needle-work should be carefully taught with the right hand as needle-holder, but left-handedness should not be treated as a crime to be punished. The child should be kindly told its disadvantages, and shown how awkward it looks. A pretty coral bracelet of beads strung on elastic, worn on the right hand, has a marvellous effect on left-handed girls, and is always worth trying.

☞ A Georgia editor is in luck. Twenty-four heathen Chinese walked into his sanctum the other day, and through the medium of an interpreter, paid cash down for twenty-four subscriptions to his paper. The editor wondered greatly what they wanted of an English paper, not being able to read it, and was informed that they took it for the "pictures" in it, the paper having a rat poison cut, a catarrh cut, a guano trademark and an umbrella "picture."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### A Perpetual Manure-Heap.

The best farmers are distinguished by the careful husbandry of manure. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," is their motto. These are always saving the pieces, and looking out for the next year. No sooner is the last of the compost heap spread in the spring than they begin a new one upon the field that comes next in rotation. A large supply of muck is the foundation of their perpetual manure-heap. They mix the fresh manure with this as it accumulates. If they take a load of wood to market, they bring back a load of stable-manure, butcher's offal, ashes, manufacturers' waste, oyster-shells, or gas-lime, to increase the heap of compost. The oyster-shells are easily reduced to quick-lime, upon a pile of brush, and will pay any man for carting home when he goes with an empty cart. Some farmers go to the village market with a load every week, but never think of bringing back any of the cheap refuse that is to be found there. Our thrifty friend has a keen scent for everything that will make his crops better. The spoiled meat or fish from the grocer's barrels are just the thing for him. Not a horse dies but he hears of it, and has a lien upon the carcase. If he is a shore farmer, he is hungry for sea-weed. The dreadful storms are music to his ears, for they roll up the sea-weed in great heaps upon the shore. The village boys know him as the bone merchant. He buys every barrel he can get them to pick up, and is not at all troubled about a process for reducing them. He has a better than a bone-mill or a carboy of sulphuric acid in that sweltering compost-heap. It glows like a furnace even in zero weather, and the bones are melted like wax, and come out in the spring thoroughly rotted, so that they all go to powder under the touch of the shovel. The slow fires of the compost-heap never go out upon his farm. The advantages of this perpetual manure-heap are manifold. He is making money always, when he is coming home as well as when he is going to market. He has a ready sale for everything he can raise, for he has a large circle of customers, all ready to barter their refuse for his well-fed products. He never has an idle day from necessity. If nothing else is on hand, manure-making is ready. Leaves, brush, bog-hay, salt grass, sea-weed, muck, peat, loam, all have a money value for him. He is never at a loss for a few loads of good manure to put into a successive crop. His land is well-fed, and he gets paying crops every time. A good many have failed this last season of paying crops, but our friend with the perpetual manure-heap ploughed so deep, and got so much of the stuff worked into his soil, that his crops never found out there was a drought until it was too late to make a fuss about it. They are kept too busy to grumble. His fields grow fat, his cattle look sleek, and his poultry cackle in an emphatic, pronounced way that charms all listeners. His neighbors call him manure-crazy. I wish that every one of them had his disease as bad as he.—*Hearth and Home.*

### Specialties in Farming.

The business of agriculture should be an industry and not a speculation. The insane pursuit of specialties has long been a curse to American agriculture. A whole community runs wild upon hops, when selling at 50 cents per pound, and in two years they are scarcely worth the price of picking, and extravagance begotten of high expectations is forthwith followed by bankruptcy. Wheat brings $2 per bushel, and whole states become wheat fields, while every other interest languishes, until the bread crop becomes so abundant as to be fed to swine in preference to shipment for human food. The sheep, with wool at $1 per pound, holds high place in popular esteem, but is kicked from the pasture by every Randolph of the farm at the first indication of a heavy decline in the value of its fleece. In your section cotton, a great boon to your agriculture as a constituent in your aggregate of production, may become an unmitigated evil if left to usurp the place of all other crops. The crop of last year produced $100,000,000—more than 50 per cent. larger than ten years ago. Three millions of bales may command a profit of $40 per bale, while 5,000,000 may not bring a dollar above their cost. But present profit is not the main consideration. The increase in value and enlargement of the productive capacity of the soil, by a judicious rotation, including the restorative influences of green cropping and cattle feeding, is an increase of capital, a source of large annual income, and an addition to the inheritance of one's children. It not only insures a profit from cotton culture, but enables the planter to pocket the entire proceeds of its sale, other products feeding man and beast.—*Hon. H. Capron, at Georgia Fair.*

### Pig Culture.

Readers, improve the breed of your hogs. Don't throw away any more feed on your long-nosed, slab-sided, sunfish breeds, but buy or borrow a good male pig, and female also if you can. Commence with 1871 to improve your stock, and in a year or two mark the results. Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing a six hundred hog of the Chester White and big boned China stock, age sixteen months, in Boone county, and also of seeing six months' pigs of the same stock, that will weigh in the neighborhood of 250. I have seen the sunfish or prairie-rooters at the age of 18 months, that would not weigh as much as these six months' old shoates. Now, reader, don't you see it? A year's feed thrown away, and less pork! Get a good stock, and save feed.—*Country Gentleman.*

### The Cause of Rust in Wheat.

It is getting to be a pretty general opinion among farmers that the sowing of grass seed—clover or timothy—with the wheat in the fall, as has been common in nearly every wheat-growing district here, as well as north and east of us, is the cause of the rust on wheat, by reason of the moisture which the grass retains affecting the grain-stalks when maturing. These grass seeds, sown after the wheat crop has been harvested, will produce, it is claimed, as good crops the following year as if sown at the time of the wheat, nine months previously. We should like to hear from our farmers on this subject, as there is apparently two sides to it, and especially as it is one of decided importance.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CLIPPING HORSES.—Now is the season of clammy sweats for poor hard-worked, fast-driven horses. Half of their sufferings may be avoided by clipping, or what I prefer, singeing off all the long hairs. A person inexperienced can scarce believe it, I know; but such are the facts nevertheless, that a horse can travel much faster, with much less fatigue, upon one-third less food, after he is singed or clipped, than he possibly can before. This is from practical experience, as I have had many clipped and singed, and *always* with the very best results in every case. (So says Englishman in Country Gentleman, and we give it as one side of the question of clipping.)

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 50, 7, 43, 37, 33, dethroned his brother.
My 35, 41, 19, 10, 46, 42, was distinguished for his wisdom and virtues.
My 40, 13, 27, 14, 15, was a goddess who presided over the public and private hearth.
My 6, 25, 53, 41, 17, 25, was the mother of Bacchus.
My 1, 37, 16, 34, 45, 26, was a wife of Vulcan.
My 3, 9, 52, 33, 30, 4, was the instructress of Numa.
My 11, 29, 43, 18, 7, 15, is the goddess of health.
My 42, 31, 28, 34, 24, 20, is the goddess of corn.
My 38, 38, 22, 3, 47, 19, is the most ancient of the gods.
My 2, 12, 45, 5, 26, was the marsh where the fifty-headed Hydra was slain.
My 21, 7, 24, is an abbreviation.
My 51, 41, 1, 30, 29, 45, was the bravest of the Trojans.
My 44, 49, are alike.
My whole was one of the great labors of Hercules.

*Pompeii, Mich.* IDA L. PALMER.

### Riddle.

My 1st is in feather, but not in fowl,
My 2d is in beast, but not in owl;
My 3d is in drive, but not in walk,
My 4th is in tongue, but not in talk;
My 5th is in run, but not in race,
My 6th is in nose, but not in face;
My 7th is in ice, but not in snow,
My 8th is in wind, but not in blow;
My 9th is in woe, but not in weal,
My 10th is in knife, but not in steel;
My 11th is in frost, but not in cold,
My 12th is in brass, but not in gold;
My 13th is in peach, but not in fruit,
My 14th is in branch, but not in root;
My 15th is in drink, but not in sip,
My 16th is in face, but not in lip;
My 17th is in game, but not in cheat,
My 18th is in rye, but not in wheat;
My whole is the name of a noted school,
Governed by wholesome and excellent rule.

GRACE MILLWOOD.

*Kinston, N. C.*

### Probability Problem.

Two men start from adjacent sides of a square field, and walk across it in random directions. Required—The probability that their paths will intersect within the field.

☞ Send answers to "Post," solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*McKean, Erie Co., Pa.*

### Conundrums.

☞ Why will the Parisians, when the siege is over, be the most intelligent people in the world. Ans.—Because all the asses in Paris will have been eaten.

☞ Why are hogs like trees? Ans.—Because they root for a living.

☞ What is the difference between a successful student of history and an Arab? Ans.—One gets up the dates to carry off the palm, and the other gets up the palm to carry off the dates.

☞ When does an idea resemble a clock? Ans.—When it strikes one.

☞ Why are lawyers' mouths like turnpike gates? Ans.—Because they never open except for pay.

☞ Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Ans.—Because it covers the belle.

☞ Why is the letter S likely to prove dangerous in argument? Ans.—Because it turns words into s-words.

### Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." ENIGMA—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. RIDDLE—Lake Torrens.

## RECEIPTS.

QUAILS CURED IN OIL.—Procure a sufficient number of fine, plump quails. Pluck them, draw them, clean them thoroughly, cut them open so that they will lie flat, as for broiling, and rub them over with salt. Let them lie in the salt, turning them every morning, for three days. Let them dry; and then pack them down close in a stone jar, covering each layer of quails tightly with fresh gathered vine leaves. Fill the jar with pure salad oil, and cover it securely with bladder, so as quite to exclude the air. When they are wanted, take them out and broil them. They make a delicious dish for breakfast.

SEED CAKE.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, adding gradually a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, beating both together; have ready the yolks of eighteen eggs, and the whites of ten, beaten separately; mix in the whites first, and then the yolks, and beat the whole for ten minutes; add two grated nutmegs, one pound and a half of flour, and mix them very gradually with the other ingredients; when the oven is ready, beat in three ounces of picked caraway-seeds.

COAL OIL FOR BALD HEADS.—A paper in Mississippi, apparently as serious as a deacon, says:—We have heard it stated several times that Mr. Samuel Bryant, who has been barefaced on the top of his head, had, by the use of coal oil, grown a thick matting of hair on the aforesaid bald head. We saw Mr. Bryant recently, and, on examination, found the statement correct. He told us that the way he found out this property of coal oil was simply this.

He had a large boil on the bald place on his head, which gave him much pain, and, in the absence of anything else, he rubbed coal oil on it. He says it relieved the pain almost instantly, so he continued to rub on the oil until the boil was entirely well, when, to his surprise, he found a thin coating of hair coming out over the bald place. He continued the use of the oil for a month or two, and now has a heavy coat of hair on his head.

RED INK.—Make your red ink in the following manner:—Boil four ounces of Brazil-wood in a quart of water, then add a little gum-arabic, sugar-candy, and alum; let the whole then boil a quarter of an hour longer. Thus you will procure a beautiful and durable red ink.

TO SEASON SAUSAGE MEAT.—To 56 lbs. of meat, put 2 lb. of salt, 1 oz. of sage, 4 oz. of pepper, 6 oz. of sugar, 2 oz. of saltpetre.